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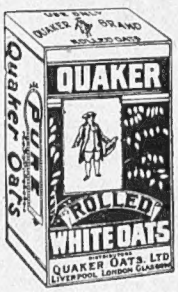

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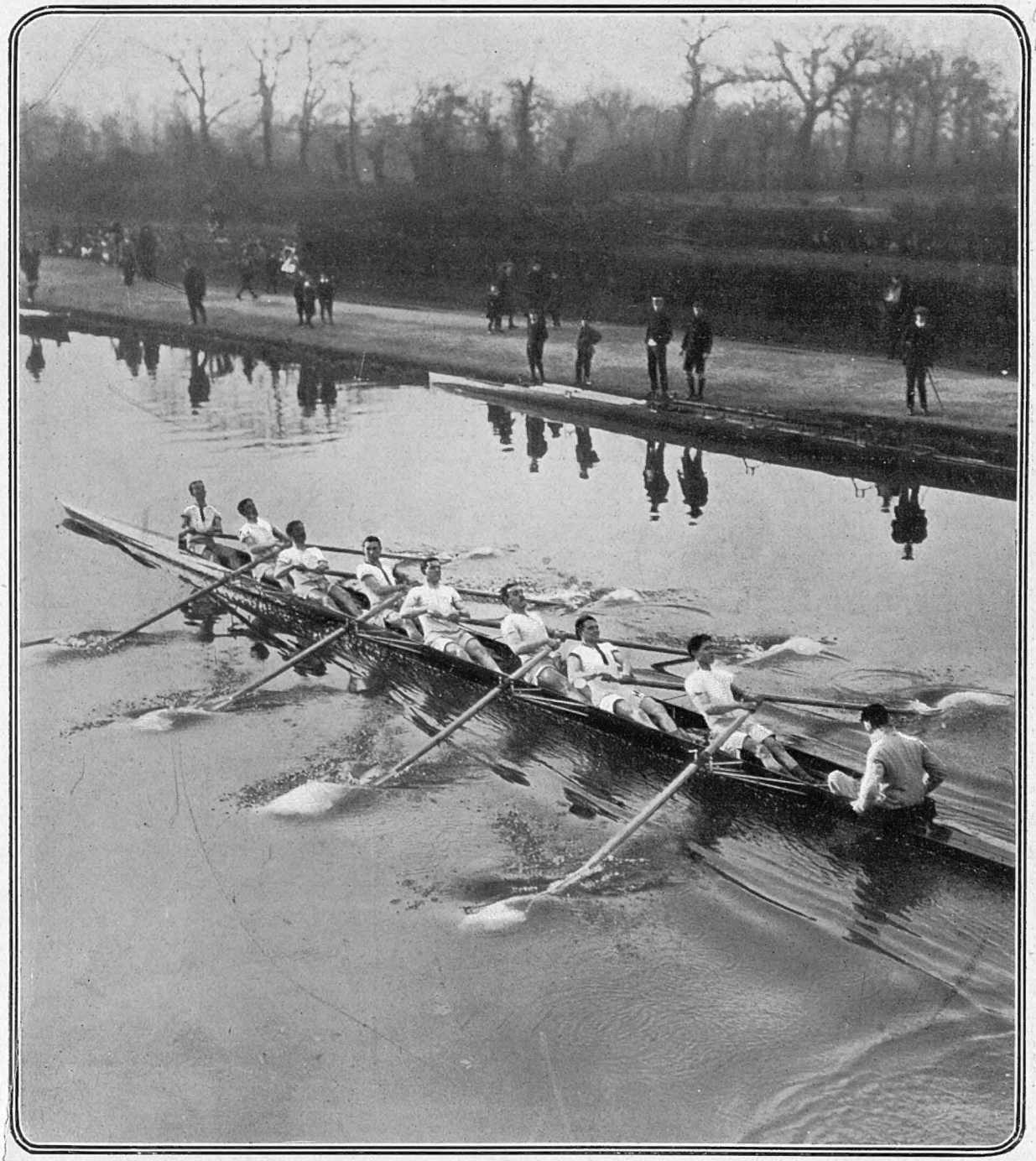

Photograph *Sport and General*

GETTING READY FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL

The Cambridge eight during the last days of practice on the Cam. The composition of the crew has been settled for some time past, and consequently the men are already well together, as our illustration shows, and not in the least likely to make fools of themselves on "All Fools' Day"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. NEW CORONATION REVUE, "BY GEORGE!" "SHIP AHOY," LYDIA KYASHT, Fred Farren. FOX-HUNTING ON THE BIOSCOPE and Varieties. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Prices 1s. to £3 3s.

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PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 8.45. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY in "INCONSTANT GEORGE." Preceded at 8.10 by "A Near Thing." Matinées, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

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IN THIS WINTER WEATHER.

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AN IMPERIAL COMMONWEALTH. By C. R. Enock. (Grant Richards: 3s. 6d. net.)
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HOME LIFE IN SPAIN. By S. L. Bensusan. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)
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CATALONIA AND THE BALEARIC ISLES. By A. F. Calvert. (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)
WILD FRUIT. By E. Phillpotts. (Lane.)
THE NEW INFERNO. By S. Phillips. (Lane: 4s. 6d. net.)
THE AMOURS OF HENRI DE NAVARRE. By Lieut.-Colonel A. C. P. Haggard. (Paul: 16s. net.)
THE MODERN TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM. By C. A. McBride, M.D. (Rebman: 6s. net.)
BAWBEE JOCK. By Amy McLaren. (Murray: 6s.)
THE PROBATIONER. By A. M. Irving. (Partridge: 2s. 6d.)
THE SUMMER SEAS AND FLOWERY FIELDS. By T. Carreras. (Partridge: 2s. 6d.)
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REMINISCENCES OF KIMBERLEY. By Louis Cohen. (Century Press: 6s.)
ATTITUDES AND AVOWALS. By R. le Gallienne. (Lane: 5s. net.)
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THE RING OF UG. By E. E. Stock. (Ouseley: 2s. 6d.)
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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King and Queen

So spring-like and lovely was the weather on several days last week that the Park became quite gay, and for the first time since their accession the King and Queen drove together. A call on Princess Henry of Battenberg was paid, and their Majesties took the opportunity of inspecting the many Victorian relics which the favourite daughter of the late Queen has crowded into her charming London quarters.

The Young Princes

No anxiety was at any time felt at the Palace with regard to the health of the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert at Dartmouth, their measles (the second attack) being of the German, which I understand is the lightest, variety. It is possible, however, that the epidemic at the Royal Naval College will prevent their Majesties paying the proposed visit there next month.

Royal Redecorations

The Royal Pavilion, where their Majesties will take up residence for a few days next month when they go to Aldershot, has been thoroughly redecorated and also somewhat enlarged, and is now, if not exactly elegant, at any rate convenient. Marlborough House, which has been stripped from top to bottom and entirely redecorated in accordance with that Royal taste which is best exemplified at Sandringham, is still in the workmen's hands.

The Queen-Mother

A flat and somewhat indignant denial having been given by Sir Dighton Probyn to the rumour that the Queen-Mother is suffering from depression, Her Majesty is expected to come to London one day this week in order to inspect the alterations at her future London residence. In the course of the next few weeks Queen Alexandra will set out on a long spring cruise in the Mediterranean, accompanied by Princess Victoria, the Dowager-Empress of Russia, and the Queen of Norway.

Pre-Lenten Festivities

Three Society weddings—Lord Gort's to-morrow, Lord Feilding's and Lord Hood's on Shrove Tuesday—and a lengthy list of dances, first nights, and charity functions fill the few days that remain before Lent cometh to chasten us. Lady Altamont and Lady Winifred Renshaw are dance hostesses of the week, and two big charity affairs, at which it is hoped the world will assemble are the Mayfair Union Bazaar, for which Devonshire House is thrown open to-day, and Lady Esther Smith's Waifs and Strays Meeting in Grosvenor Street, while a crowd between four and five thousand strong is expected to foregather at the Albert Hall for the Chelsea Artists' Fancy Ball to-night.

Lady Clementine Waring

LADIES OF QUALITY ON THE OLYMPIA RINK

Lady Teynham

Lady Newborough

A Big Dinner

Last week's most successful junketings were Mrs. William Koch's and Lady Radnor's balls, while Lady Granard's big dinner was turned into a semi-Royal occasion by the presence of King Manoel, who, at the instance of the King, has just been elected a member of the Marlborough Club. Other guests included the Marquis de Soveral, the Russian Ambassador and Countess Benckendorff, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord and Lady Derby, the Duchess of Rutland with her eldest daughter, Mrs. Cornwallis West, and Mrs. J. J. Astor. Forbes House, which was a present from Lady Granard's father, is quite ideal for entertaining. As a rule Lady Granard distributes her guests at different tables. On this occasion dinner was served at one large table, on which were massed in gold bowls quantities of huge golden tulips.

Forecasts

The Sunday papers, always ubiquitous in these matters, have been industriously engaged for some weeks in compiling and publishing lists of prospective "Coronation year" hostesses. Such lists are, of course, the merest conjecture from beginning to end,

for, at present at any rate, no private entertainments at all have been arranged, and it is most improbable that any will be until people return from the South, and Lent is at an end.

At the Savoy

All Hebrew London flocked from Holland Park, from Bayswater, Maida Vale, Hampstead, and what not to the Savoy last week. There Miss Edna May, the charming wife of a favoured member of the community—Mr. Oscar Lewisohn—was presenting with immense success her former triumph, *The Belle of New York*, and, if one may judge by appearances, funds for the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial must really have been rolling in.

Mayfair in the City

For aristocratic young men to frequent the City—if only to learn how their money's made—is quite the accepted thing nowadays. In the 'sixties, however, matters were very distinctly otherwise. The merchant prince was unheard of, and to be even remotely connected with commerce was, whatever your income, an all-sufficient bar to any association whatever with what was called "good" Society.

Lord "Ronnie" Gower

Which was all rather amusingly illustrated in the Courts last week when Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, uncle of the Duke of Sutherland, fought a claim made upon him by his stockbrokers for £10,000. Lord Ronald Gower is an authority on matters artistic, and is also a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, but he is, as he himself, not without pride, declared, "altogether incapable of writing a business letter or even understanding one when he read it"; while of his affairs he confessed to knowing nothing, such mundane matters having been left for years in the hands of "one of the clerks on the Sutherland estate."

The Full Story Wanted

Mr. Francis Shackleton appears to be hardly less interesting than his knightly brother. In his allusions to Mr. Shackleton in the course of the case, I am inclined to wonder whether Mr. Justice Darling prepared his *jeux d'esprit* with his accustomed care. Mr. Shackleton was not represented by counsel, and could not, therefore, answer the learned Judge's references to him. Speculative as he may have been in the City, Mr. Shackleton has certainly never been convicted of, or even charged with, the theft of the Dublin Jewels, but it is to be hoped he will now embrace the occasion to provide the narration that it is in his power to supply. The incident, however, only proves again how injurious to individuals was the studied darkness in which the late Commission left the affair.

Photograph *Lafayette*

Mme. Lydia Yavorska (Princess Bariatinsky)

Who is presenting Ibsen's *Doll's House* at matinees at the New Royalty Theatre. She not very long ago appeared in Russian at His Majesty's Theatre, and proved herself an actress of distinctive personality

Photograph *Russell*

Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower

Son of the second, and uncle of the present, Duke of Sutherland, defendant in an action dealing with a curious stock transaction. A firm of stockbrokers sued him for £10,240 in respect to the purchase of shares by a Mr. F. R. Shackleton (brother of Sir Ernest Shackleton) on Lord Ronald's behalf. The defence was that no authority had been given for the purchase of the shares. The jury found in favour of the plaintiffs

Spring is—Here?

With this week's issue will be found a Supplement by Mr. H. C. Davidson devoted to Spring Gardening, which is, perhaps, a not unpleasant way of impressing on our readers the approach of this more or less deservedly popular season.

"A Doll's House"

A very select, if also somewhat slender, audience is foregathering at the New Royalty on Tuesdays, when Princess Bariatinsky presents Ibsen's wonderful *Doll's House* that thirty years ago set all Europe talking. In these overwhelmingly feministic days some of its sentiments sound inevitably just a little *vieux jeu*, for the relations of the sexes, as of parent and child (see Mr. McEvoy's *All That Matters*), have radically changed in the last few decades.

"Reasonable Human Beings"

And so it was that, instead of accepting it as some new, long-awaited doctrine, we only felt that we knew all about that, and have heard it somewhere before, when, to Helmer's reminder that before all else she is "a wife and a mother," Nora says, "I don't believe that any longer. I believe that before all else I am a reasonable human being," though even to-day we were not, it seemed, unmoved when, to the husband's dictum, "No man would sacrifice *his honour* for the one he loves," the wife replies, "It is a thing hundreds of thousands of women have done."

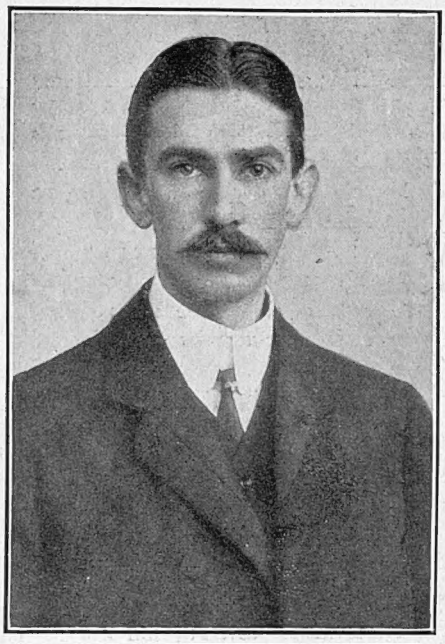
A Popular Reappearance

MISS EDNA MAY (MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN) ONCE AGAIN THE BELLE OF NEW YORK

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS EDNA MAY (MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN)

Who recently returned to the stage to play her old part in *The Belle of New York* at a series of charity performances at the Savoy Theatre. Miss May, or Mrs. Lewisohn as she is now, was accorded a reception that she is not likely to forget. Her acting was as sprightly and her singing as fascinating as ever. And in the matter of her universally acclaimed beauty we need only commend to our readers' attention the above photograph taken a few days ago



Photograph *Bystander Copyright*

Mr. Francis Shackleton

An exclusive photograph of the gentleman whose speculations with Lord Ronald Gower's money resulted in last week's action in the Courts. He was formerly Dublin Herald, holding that office at the time of the disappearance of the Crown Jewels. Mr. Shackleton was the victim of some caustic remarks by Mr. Justice Darling in the course of his summing-up

Sir Robert Jardine's Luck

Only a few days before the Altcar meeting Sir Robert Jardine, whose Jabberwock won his owner his second Waterloo Cup, had expressed the opinion that luck counts more in coursing than in any other sport. The fastest dog of the day, he pointed out, might be beaten by one infinitely slower, and the greyhound you thought to be a champion might go wrong unaccountably at the last moment. After last week's result Sir Robert has greater reason than ever to be impressed with the uncertainty of the sport. For you must know that the victorious Jabberwock is by no means the best dog in the Castlemilk kennel. There is a bitch there called Jibstay who can be counted on to make rings round Jabberwock, but she went amiss, and could not compete at Altcar.

The Runner-up

In the final course the sympathy of many was with the losing puppy, for there had been a little touch of romance about Silk and Scarlet's career. He broke a leg last year, and had been nursed through this trouble and also a very severe bout of distemper by his owner's wife, Mrs. Philip Story. What pride for her if the puppy had gained the greatest prize of all.

Who's on the List

A correspondent, who travels to and fro daily between London and a country house about thirty miles out, tells me that one of his most familiar experiences is to hear one local notable (Tory) ask another (Liberal) whether *his* name is on the list of coming peerages. The reply of the latter is invariably ominous silence. If my correspondent has noticed this once, he has noticed it half a dozen times. When the Grand Parade takes place, I wonder what will be the sentiments towards their leaders of those gentlemen who are *not* on the list, but think they ought to have been. I imagine they will turn to Toryism *en bloc*.

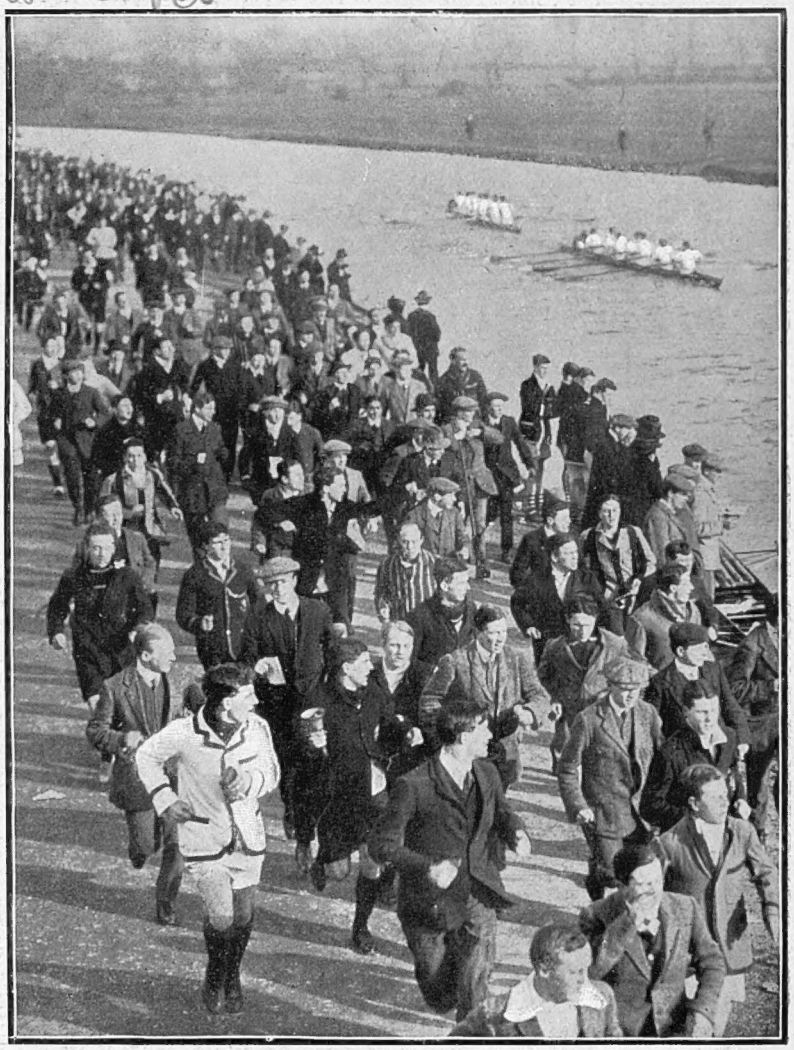
A Chance for Bachelors

The latest is that the Government want the Puppet Peers to be purely temporary legislators, who will not long remain, and who will have no descendants likely to carry on the title. Some great difficulty will be found, and recourse may be had to advertisement, thus:

RESPECTABLE SINGLE MEN WANTED for short, temporary job. Must be Nonconformists, and with no surviving relatives of younger generation. Preference given to aged invalids likely to die soon themselves. — Apply, H.H.A., 10, Downing Street.

The Joke that Failed

So Mr. "Champ" Clark was only joking when he made that remark in Congress about the annexation of Canada to the States, and the fact that he was taken seriously was due to the slow wits of the British and Canadian reporters. The latter, I understand, reply heatedly that Mr. Clark omitted the precautions usually adopted by American comedians in laying their jokes before Britishers. He should have done it something like this. "The Stars and Stripes—now listen, boys, this is good — the Stars

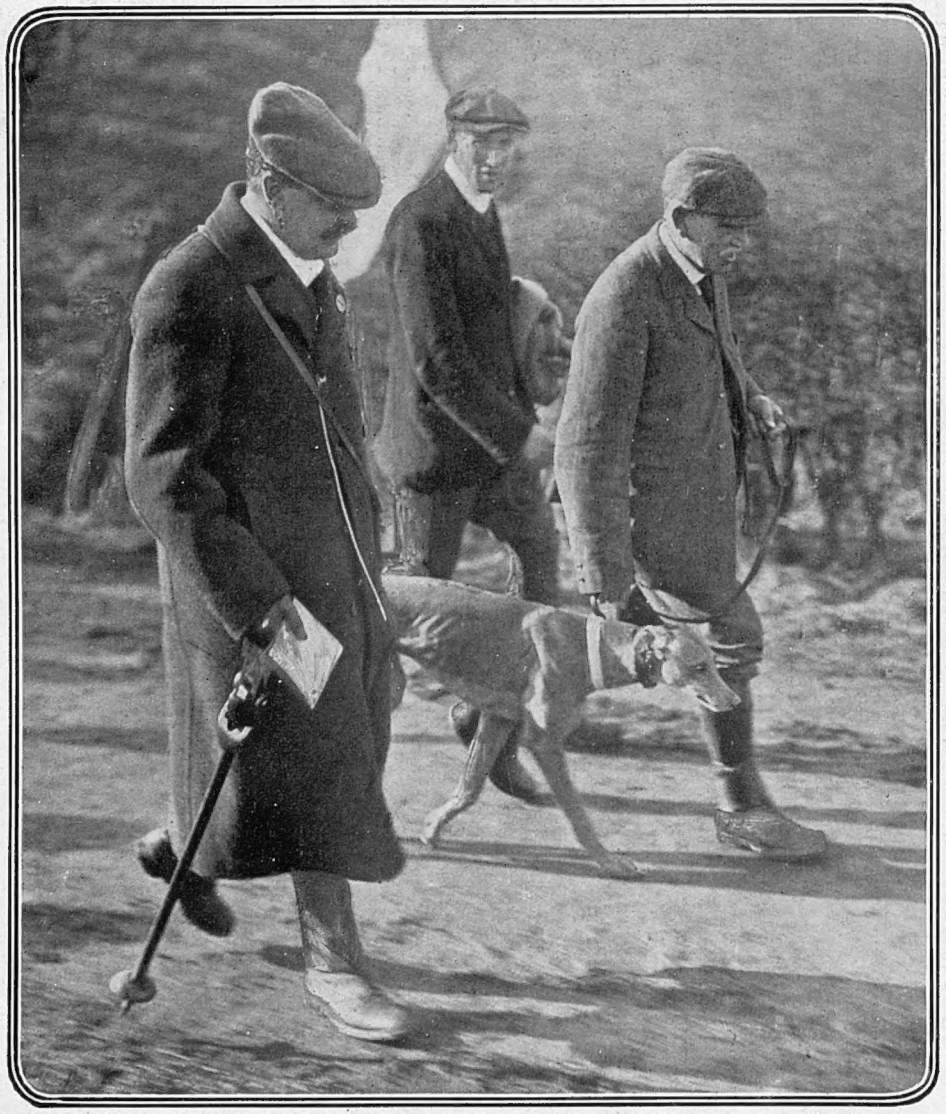


Photograph *Sport and General*

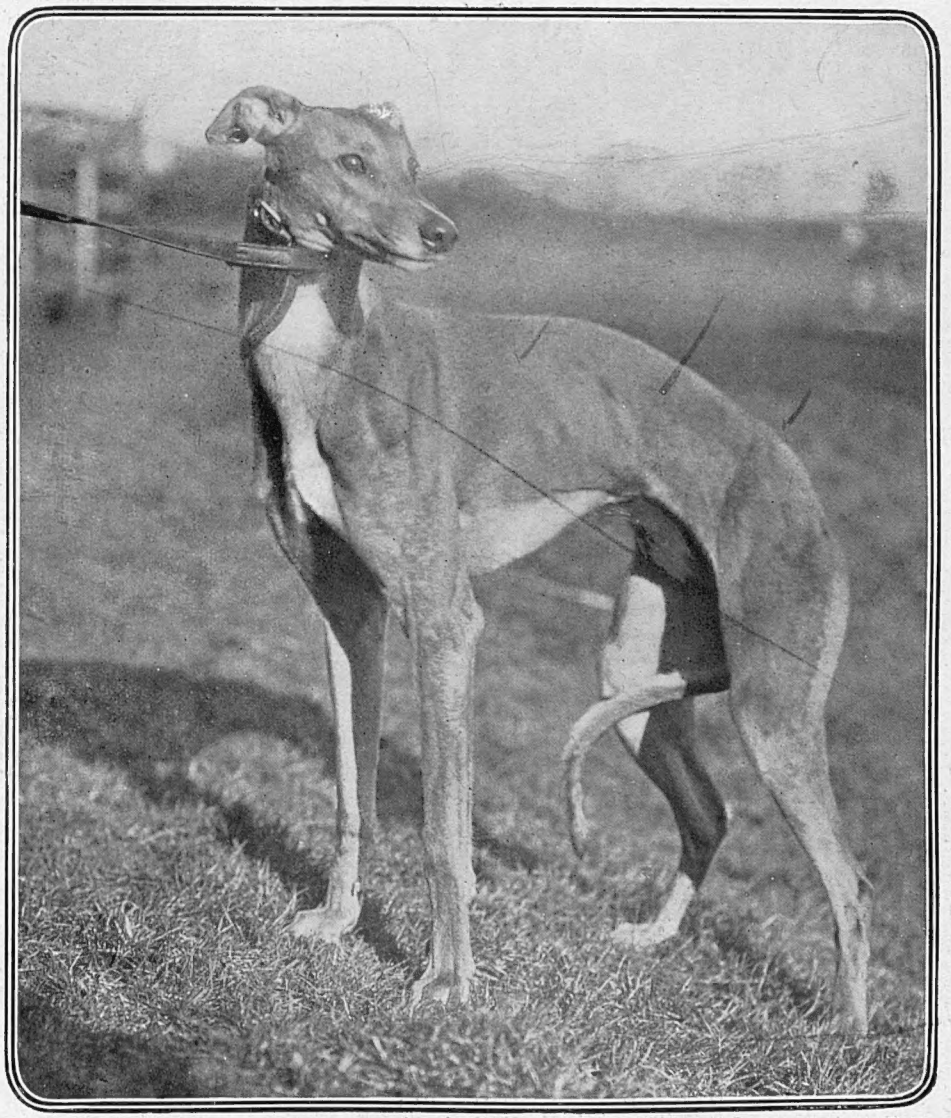
The Cam Awakes from Her Winter Sleep

Undergraduates running beside their college boat in the Lent races at Cambridge last week

Scotland's Waterloo: Dumfriesshire Beats Norfolk in the Final



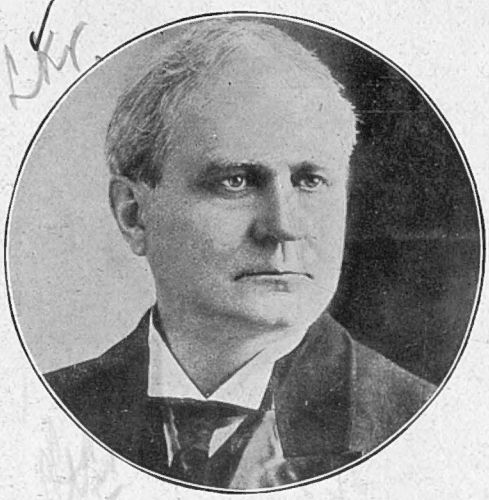
SIR ROBERT BUCHANAN JARDINE, BT., AND MR. JOHN BEATTIE (HIS TRAINER) LEADING JABBERWOCK, THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP



JABBERWOCK, A RED DOG-PUPPY, BY BACHELOR'S ACRE—FORESTER'S FAVOUR, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP

A Dumfriesshire dog-puppy beat a Norfolk dog-puppy in the final of the greatest event in the coursing world at Altcar last Friday. Indeed, all four semi-finalists were puppies, a unique occurrence. A great welcome awaited Sir Robert Jardine, his trainer, and Jabberwock on their return to Lockerbie. The runner-up was Silk and Scarlet, a puppy who broke a leg last year!

and Stripes will float—d'ye hear?—they will float over every square foot — you'll be tickled to death at what I'm going to tell you—over every durned Continental square foot of British North America. There, now, just think that quietly over, and when you see the point, laaaf! Why, you'll just die o' laaafing." Unfortunately, Mr. Clark made this speech in Congress, and not at a music-hall, and the slow-witted Britishers, bearing in mind that he is the democratic nominee for Speakership and, possibly, Presidency, thought he might be serious. Mr. Taft seems to be of the same opinion; but, there, he must have English blood somewhere in his veins.



Mr. Champ Clark

Speaker-Elect of the United States House of Representatives, who caused so much excitement in regard to his speech relating to the Annexation of Canada during the discussion of the Reciprocity Treaty. He subsequently explained that the speech was a joke!

Try Again, Mr. Cox!

I am not particularly interested in the return of the straight party man, Sir J. Larmor, for Cambridge University, save for the fact that he defeated the abler and more independent Unionist, Mr. Cox, by so small a margin. Mr. Cox must try once more, and he'll win. Next time, perhaps, the Central Office will adopt him as its own. He deserves it and his voice will be of greater use to his party in the House than fifty pairs of obedient feet in the Lobby.

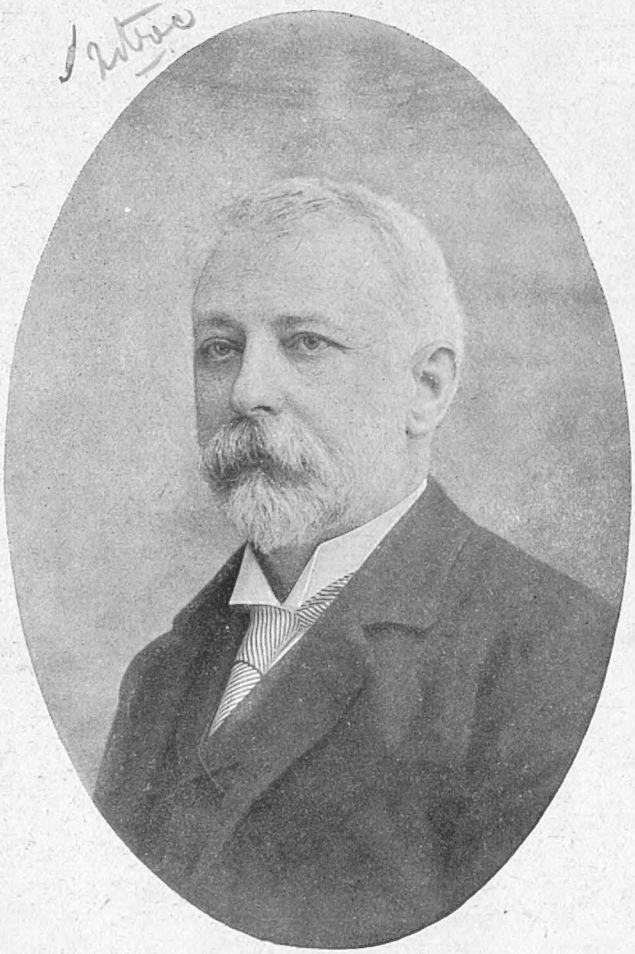
"Punch" at Pains

Mr. *Punch* has explained that the publication of his cartoon representing Mr. Balfour at the grave of Imperial Preference at the same time as the news of the death of Colonel Balfour was quite unintentional. Such explanation would strike most people as wholly superfluous. Mr. *Punch* says only unthinking people will imagine *Punch* to be capable of offence in such a connection. I should hardly suppose "unthinking people" to be capable of thinking even that. Besides, do they see *Punch?*

The Ulster Nuisance

The Opposition put up the usual ineffective fight against Home Rule, and were beaten in the usual effective fashion. Many Conservative M.P.'s are candidly asking how much longer they are to be dragged behind Ulster coat-tails. Themselves, they see no special objection to giving the Irish some sort of Parliament, if they particularly want one to play with. They do not feel called upon to lash themselves into wild rage at the dictation of Sir E. Carson and Mr. Long, whose ultra-Protestant passions are by no means generally shared in these tolerant days.

THE MEN WHO CAUSED THE TROUBLE



By Permission *"Canada, Illustrated," London*

Mr. Fielding, Canadian Minister of Commerce

Who negotiated the Reciprocity Treaty with America, and, according to the *Daily Mail*, thereby killed Preference

The Noble Middleman

Than the late Duke of Devonshire, no man ever exercised more influence by sheer weight. The Duke, from the historical point of view, is associated with hardly one great Act or Treaty, and, so far as *bons-mots* are concerned, one hardly remembers a single one. Yet it may be said that, by merely shifting in his seat, the Duke influenced politics more than many others have done by volumes of talk. 1886: the Duke left Mr. Gladstone. Result: Tories returned by huge majority. 1904: the Duke left Mr. Balfour. Result: Liberal Government by huge majority. Somehow the Duke, on each occasion, on Home Rule and on Free Trade, represented the middleman, of whom he was the type incarnate. England contains five million electors, mostly Dukes of Devonshire.

Parliamentary Note

(*In reply to a Naval question by Mr. Lee. "Yes, sir, no," said Mr. McKenna. "Let me explain."*)

In reply to a suggestion by Mr. Balfour the Prime Minister (smiling across the Table), said: "Quite so. Nothing of the kind. I should say——"

Mr. Burns was equally happy when asked by a Labour Member if he had found Chinese pork palatable. "Certainly, sir," replied the Minister. "Ugh! To put it plainly——" (Uproar; in which the Speaker joined, saying, "Order, order! Shout him down. I mean——")

He Was Honest!

IN MEMORY OF A STATESMAN WHO SAID LITTLE AND DID LESS, BUT WAS MUCH RESPECTED BY ALL THE PARTIES TO WHICH HE BELONGED

Lord Lansdowne Duke of Devonshire

SCENE AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

To express one's admiration for the late Duke of Devonshire is expected of every well-bred politician. Therefore, we were all duly reverent at the unveiling by Lord Lansdowne of his statue last week. Exactly what the late Duke did for the country which he served as a member of so many Ministries, Liberal and Tory, would form an interesting question for some examination paper in general knowledge, and we, ourselves, are open to information. Any reader, furthermore, who can furnish us with any memorable remarks spoken by the late Duke will confer an equal service. However, we heartily approve of the statue, if only as a reminder of the virtues of silence in an age too little addicted thereto

Where Peers are Appreciated

NEW YORK'S INTEREST IN THE MARRIAGE OF LORD DECIES

IF peers are, in Britain, the victims of either gutter gibes or superior patronage (according to one's politics), in America they are held in very different esteem. To be a peer is quite enough to be a Personage, no matter how obscure a backwoodsman in one's own country. Whereas the marriage (with the millionairess, Miss Gould) of so modest a nobleman as Lord Decies would, over here, be recorded briefly and accurately in the dailies, in America it takes precedence of all other topics, social, political, criminal, and catastrophic. Since the foreign Count with the epileptic name married Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, American Society has not thronged to church in such numbers and quality, though it snowed and blew blizzards. An idea of the interest taken by New Yorkers is afforded by our photographs. And yet we are told that they have no "leisured folk" over there!

(1) Crowd in Fifth Avenue anxiously Awaiting Glimpses of Someone or Something (2) Lord and Lady Decies En Automobile
(3) Crowd in Central Park (including baby in perambulator), Opposite the Gould Home

The Problem of the Taxi Tip

Polite Chauffeur *(returning gratuity of a penny in excess of his fare)*: "Thanks, I don't eat sweets"

BY LEWIS BAUMER

GOSSIP FROM THE RIVIERA

OUR PIGEON-SHOOTING TRIUMPH: CARNIVALS AND SCANDALS

By Our Special Correspondent

YOU can imagine the excitement at Monte Carlo when it became known that the Grand Prix—the "blue riband" of the pigeon-shooting world—had been won by an Englishman! The Italian professionals—for the majority of them are professionals pure and simple—had been having it their own way so much of recent years, and were such a strong lot this time, that everyone expected the £1,000 and the really magnificent piece of silver plate to go again to Italy. Everyone, that is to say, save Mr. Elijah Moore, the winner, who, it appears, was full of quiet confidence in himself. The first news I got of the victory was at the Café de Paris, where there was an irruption of excited pigeon-shooters yelling, "Well done, Newmarket!" and "*Vive l'Entente Cordiale!*" The reason for the second cry lay in the fact that an M. Guimet, a Frenchman, was second, so that it was quite an *Entente Cordiale* Grand Prix. After the victory Mr. Moore entertained his friends to a big dinner at the Princess, where a lamb roasted whole was the *pièce de résistance*.

The Earl of Warwick at Monte Carlo

The Earl is the well-known husband of the Countess of the same name

The Prince of Monaco has returned, accompanied by his son and heir, Prince Louis, and, so far, the Monégasques have been comparatively quiet. At any rate, there have been no riots, though a story was told me by one who should most certainly know to the effect that a plot had been discovered to assassinate the Prince, the price put upon his head being £1,000! The Prince has paid the Opera one or two visits, and is leading his usual quiet life in his palace on the rock. He very, very rarely accepts an invitation, and I believe that the only English people who ever have the honour of entertaining him are Lord and Lady Mar, who give a luncheon for him each season. What the future has in store for Monaco it is hard to say. One thing is certain, and that is that the Monégasques are anything but satisfied, and it is equally sure that should there be serious trouble France will send more than enough troops to the Principality to make the population behave itself.

We have been without any more gambling "sensations" of late, either at Monte Carlo or at Nice. All the tables are now going of an evening at the Nice Cercle, whose daily receipts are literally colossal, while the restaurant is one of the most popular on the Riviera. The well-known arrivals at Nice these last few days include the Duchess of Westminster, who has joined her sister, the Princess of Pless, at Le Pastorelle. The Duke is expected shortly. His ponies await him at Cannes, where polo is going particularly strong. There is still talk of making a polo ground near Monte, but so far it is only talk.

Carnival is in full swing all along the Riviera, but, save as regards Nice, where it is the Queen who reigns supreme, there is nothing very original regarding the fêtes. I suppose it would be difficult to get new ideas, but the cavalcades, battles of flowers, etc., are getting distinctly stale, and quite a number of people run away nowadays to avoid them, especially on those days when the plaster confetti is allowed. Mentone, the go-ahead, was the first to begin the festivities with a battle of flowers, but it always seems a pity that these floral fights cannot be given later in the season. February on the Riviera is, of course, not to be compared with your London February; still, it is often precious cold, and the flowers are by no means at their best, and anything but cheap.

The proprietor of a well-known bar here has had an original idea. He offered that plucky aviator, Legagneux, a prize of 1,000fr. provided he would take up two of his customers in succession and fly over his hostelry. The customers drew lots for the privilege, and one of the winners proved to be Tod Sloan. Legagneux will have one light-weight, at any rate, to carry. Apropos of flying, there is, after all, to be a big meeting at La Brague in March.

The police are very sharp on sharpers this season, and there has already been one big scandal at Nice and an even bigger one at Monte Carlo. The latter concerns a very well-known resident, and is the main topic of conversation these days. Queer stories about what once went on at a certain well-known meeting-place have also come to light. There will be no arrest in connection with this latter scandal, but a gentle "warning off the turf." We have also had a little pigeon-shooting scandal—not such a very rare occurrence—so that there has been plenty to keep the tongues wagging. And they do wag on the Riviera!

The Entente Cordiale Prix of 1911

AN ENGLISHMAN FIRST AND A FRENCHMAN SECOND IN THE GREAT MONTE CARLO PIGEON-SHOOTING CONTEST

A General View: E. Moore, the Winner, Shooting

The Earl of Lanesborough

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS

Lord Falconer

E. Moore, the Well-known Newmarket Bookmaker, who Won the Grand Prix

M. Guimet, Second for the Grand Prix, and Winner of about £560

The winner took £1,0 0 and a magnificent piece of plate. The finish was most exciting, and Mr. Moore only just won. Englishmen are now on terms with the Italians, each having won the contest fourteen times

MUSIC AS A CAREER

AN ENCOURAGING ARTICLE FOR YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS

"Plump girls, slender girls,
All kinds of jolly girls
Going in to play."
—*Belle of New York* (Adapted).

I HAPPENED to be passing the doors of a famous school of music—no, I don't mean the one you think I do—just as the lady-students were trooping in to their studies. I stopped and watched them, and as I watched I wept. Such nice girls they were, too. A few imitated the progress of Shakespeare's schoolboy, and a glance at their faces told one that of talents they had none; yet they filled me with visions.

I saw the suburban dinner-party. You know the sort of thing I mean. It begins with boiled cod and oyster sauce—one oyster to every three guests—and ends with the greengrocer-butler upsetting the black "coffee" down your neck. Afterwards, in the frigid mausoleum, known as the drawing-room, it is: "Irene, dear, will you play something for our guests?" Irene consents, after beaming protests. What does she play? "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Estudiantiana," anything within her compass? No, from the tortured instrument, newly tuned that morning, she produces something that a highly imaginative person might recognise as being intended for "1812" or some other masterpiece. Or perhaps Miss Irene sings. Again, what does she sing? "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" "On the Silvery Sands?" Alas! it is even money on some such *prima donna* effort as *Che Faro, Eurydice*, 6 to 4 against the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*.

You may have noticed that pill-manufacturers and other patent medicine philanthropists are great supporters of musical schools. In this they show a becoming gratitude, for half the indigestion of England is caused by the after-dinner efforts of these students.

Not that one wishes to be unfair to English schools of music. Their work is entirely well-intentioned, which, perhaps, is a bitter thing to say, but is not meant unkindly; and it is meet and right that English musicians, or, certainly, English singers, should be trained in this country.

As Mr. Alberto Visetti has said, the great majority of English singers have to look to the concert-platform for their living. Concert-singing is almost unknown on the Continent, and it is against all common sense to expect the foreign professor, whose speciality is opera, to be capable of teaching ballad-singing, a branch of vocal art of which he is ignorant.

Moreover, most of the foreign professor's pupils belong to his own race. They, more especially Italians, have naturally strong voices, and the teacher's methods are based on this fact. But apply the same methods to the naturally weak English voice and it is very liable to crack under the strain. The foreign school of music is often a graveyard of ruined English voices.

But allow me one serious word in your ear.

Granted that English singers should be trained in English schools by teachers who understand the peculiarities of the English voice, and the tastes of English audiences, was I needlessly unmanned as I watched those charming girls tripping through the swing doors of the —— Whew, nearly let it out that time!

Our system of musical education is in many ways heart-breaking. The English musician who succeeds does so in the face of many obstacles. First of all, there is the British parent. When a foreign pater-familias finds himself with a musically gifted child he takes him to the State conservatoire, and going down on his knees asks the professor whether there is any chance of a musical career for his offspring. If the verdict be favourable, the child is handed over to the professor, and from that hour till the master pronounces his training finished, his family knows him no more—at least, so far as interfering in any way with his musical education is concerned.

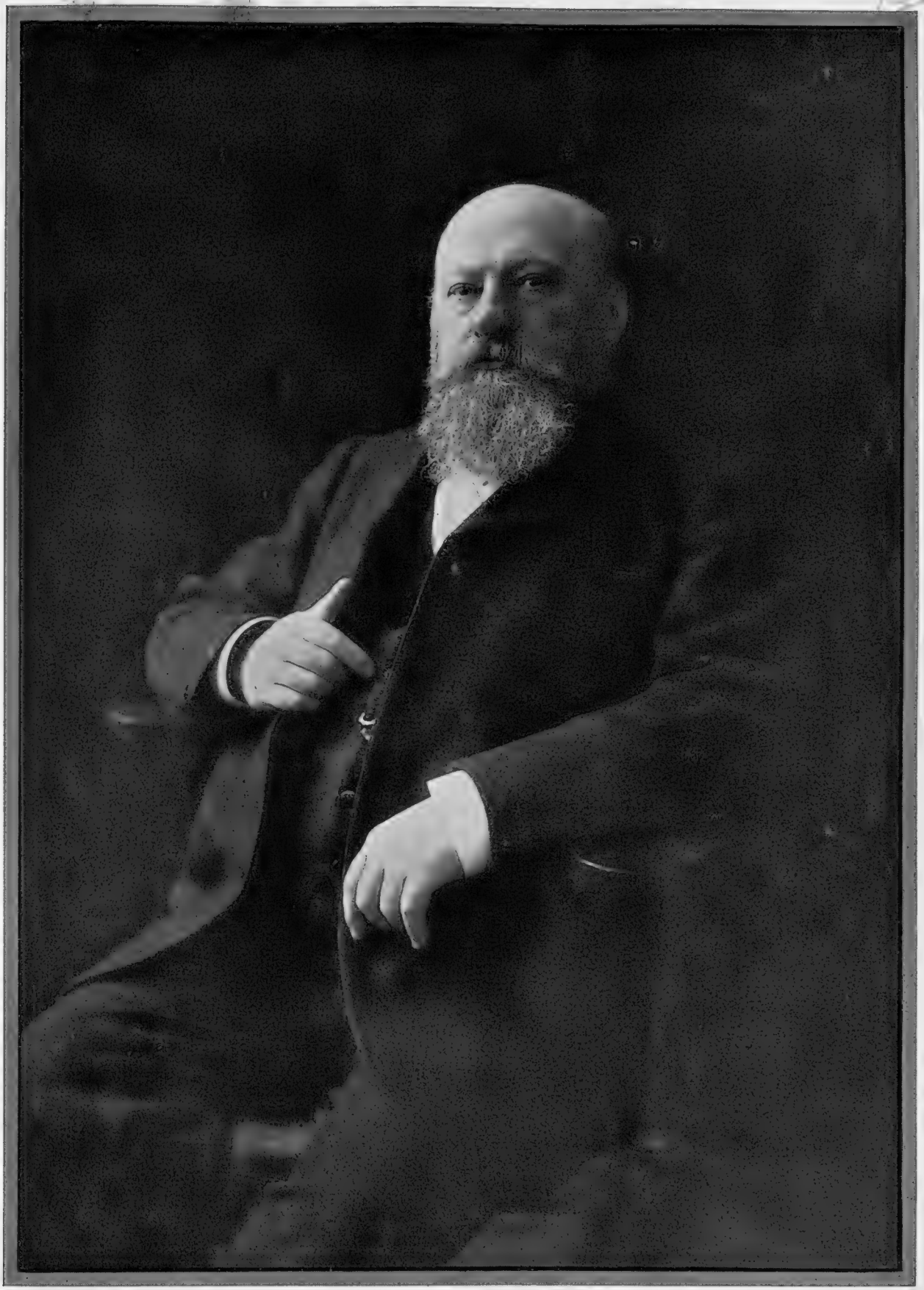
The British father of a potential artist, having recovered from the shock of his child's disreputable aspirations, looks round for a teacher. The price is the main consideration. Sometimes the unfortunate infant is handed over to a "professor of music" whose versatility is only equalled by his cheapness, inasmuch that he teaches not only singing, but the piano, violin, banjo, and Jews' harp for eighteenpence an hour. Or, if pater is affluent, the child may be taken to a professor of even higher class—one of those gifted mortals who guarantee to teach the whole art of singing in twelve lessons at an inclusive fee of two guineas. Perhaps, however, pater is more enlightened. He takes the future Santley or Kirkby Lunn to a first-class school of music, sees the professor, to whom he gives one finger, not being sure whether he is a "gentleman" or not.

"Here," he says, "this is my daughter. I want her taught singing. How much?" He writes a cheque and departs grumbling at the expense. Often the professor cannot afford to refuse the pupil, though she may be perfectly hopeless. Perhaps, however, the girl has real talent, and the teacher rejoices in a find. After a few weeks, however, or, at most, months, the blow falls. On one pretext or another the student's training is stopped, usually because her father wants to see his money back. And so the practically untrained girl becomes a "professional" musician. The British parent understands that it takes several years of competent coaching to make a county cricketer, but nothing could shake his unalterable conviction that a musical artist of the first rank can be "turned out" in six weeks.

Still, I do not wish to discourage the young musician. It may be true that, as a famous woman-pianist once assured me, to succeed as a musician a woman must either be of easy virtue or pretend to be. It certainly is true that musical artists are expected to support half the charities in the country, and perhaps Madame —— was not far out when she said that a musician is expected to work like a horse, to eat like a butterfly, and to maintain a horde of hungry agents. N. W. F.

Wagner's Protégé

LONDON TO LOSE THE SOUNDEST CONDUCTOR OF THE TIMES



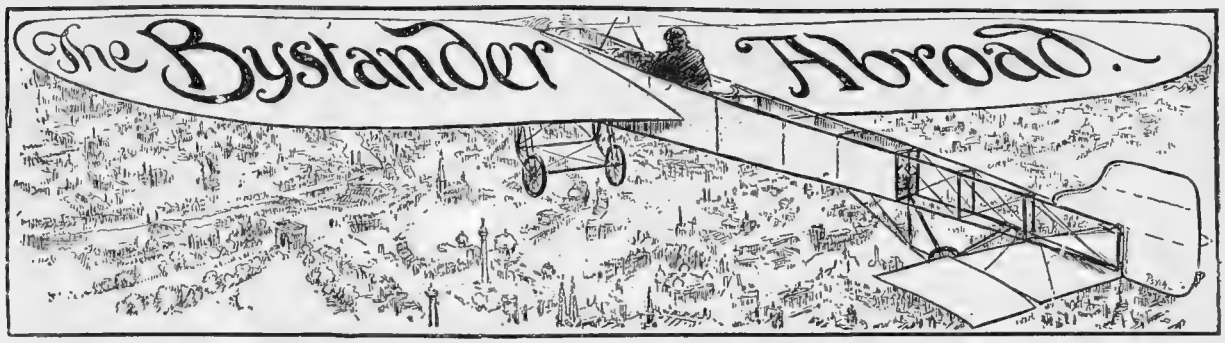
Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

DR. HANS RICHTER, WHOSE RETIREMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Hans Richter, the "soundest" conductor of the generation, is at last to retire, after a strenuous career. Of late, Richter conducted the Richter concerts in London, and the Hallé concerts in Manchester, also occasional performances at Covent Garden and at provincial festivals. Of all modern musicians he had the closest first-hand knowledge of Wagner's scores, for the very simple reason that it was he who was "discovered" by Wagner and made his copyist. Perhaps he knew more of the scores than the composer himself! For English music, Richter has done much. To him the world is indebted for first productions of, among other things, Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" at Birmingham, and the famous Enigma Variations. Richter is a delightful man, and, to his musicians at once a master and—a gentleman

"Evil Tidings"

"LES PORTEURS DES MAUVAISES NOUVELLES": FROM THE PICTURE BY JULES LECOMPTE DU NOUY IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES IN PARIS



FRENCH VIEWS ON A FRANCO-GERMAN ENTENTE

French Public Opinion

The article published in last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER has given rise to some comment in political circles here, but I cannot say the response to the suggestion made in it of a Franco-German *entente* has become at all unanimous. The advanced Socialists have for some time back regarded such a step with favour, and level-headed politicians of all kinds would welcome any solution which would put an end to the dream of reconquering Alsace-Lorraine; but, like the Socialists, however, these level-headed politicians have not the courage to express their opinions in public. Public opinion in France, unfortunately, has not yet recovered from the wound inflicted on French pride by the German attitude in the Moroccan question. It is a trite observation to make that public opinion on essential questions is seldom dictated by human reason.

Alsace-Lorraine Germanised

The logical attitude to take up is that as Alsace-Lorraine has been practically Germanised, its reconquest would mean the expulsion of a majority of the population and resettlement by people with French proclivities. The question had solved itself. Germany, in the course of the last forty years, has had time to rear a new generation, to whom the Franco-German War is mere history—men whose fathers, even, were mere children at the time, and whose grandfathers are now dropping off altogether. Meanwhile, migration from the east into Alsace-Lorraine and to the west from Alsace-Lorraine has been going on, and the interests of the lost provinces have become German interests. The manufacturers have at present a market of some sixty millions of customers in Germany, which they are not likely to wish to exchange for a French market half as large.

The Population Aspect

In spite of the logic of these facts, French public opinion goes on "nursing its wrath to keep it warm," as Burns has said. Nothing dies so hard as a grievance, and the Alsace-Lorraine grievance has now become such an article of faith that it goes on existing, as I have shown, without rhyme or reason and with an increasing hopelessness of redress ever being obtained; for whilst the German population since the war has added nearly twenty millions to its numbers, the French population has remained practically as forty years ago.

M. René Bazin and M. Jules Claretie
Both are members of the Academy, M. Bazin being a famous novelist and M. Claretie the Director of the Théâtre Français

CELEBRITIES AT THE ELECTIONS TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY

M. Edmond Rostand
The famous dramatist. He has been a member of the Academy since 1901

Doumer's Forlorn Hope

M. Jaurés openly urges an understanding with Germany, and all the Socialists in the Chamber of Deputies do the same, but although, as I have already written, everyone listens to M. Jaurés' scholarly and wonderful speeches, no one pays any attention to them. M. Paul Doumer, on the other hand, and there are many who share his opinions, voices an unquenchable dislike to Germany, and nurses a forlorn hope that the time may yet come when she will suffer for the indignities she heaped upon her vanquished foe in 1870 and the insults connected with the Morocco affair.

Expert Opinion

M. Delcassé cannot be expected openly to show any feelings of kindness towards the German Government which singled him out for such special indignities. M. Paul Deschanel's knowledge of his fellow-countrymen and his own level head make him equally cautious in approaching the quicksands of popluar feeling. Lastly, there are MM. Briand and Pichon. In the columns of THE BYSTANDER I have shown the careful answer M. Pichon gave me when I spoke to him. *Rapprochement* with Germany is not his business. His mission is to keep France on good terms with all nations. M. Briand, whatever his private opinions may be, would never let his Foreign Minister carve out any special policy of his own in a country where the people's will is paramount.

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

From Our Own Correspondent

GERMANY'S growing sensibility to the æsthetic has been brutally checked by a stupid police. *Nackt-Kultur*—in English, Naked Culture—has been driven from its last citadel in artistic Munich. The Naked Culturists have been forbidden to hold an assembly at which local beauty proposed to parade unadorned. Thereby a causeless insult has been offered to the truly Beautiful; and the famous Teutonic figure has lost its last hope of redemption.

Naked Culture was started two years ago by a lady named Olga Desmond. It consisted—in essentials—in the abjuring of clothes, and in holding meetings to prove the charm of this. If this had happened in Paris it would have been denounced as French wickedness, and the boat from Dover to Calais would have foundered under the weight of English passengers. But Germans understand to invest their jests with an air of hoary gravity. Learned men were soon exalting Nakedness as an instrument for Germany's regeneration, and discoursing on its relations to æsthetics, metaphysics, high art, spiritual culture, and the transcendental verities. And frivolous young husbands, having spent their evening off attending Naked-Culture *soirées*, fired off these convincing polysyllables at their reproachful wives.

Miss Olga Desmond

Who discovered some time ago, greatly to the delight of German intellectuals, the new muse of nudity. She is a very lovely girl, and has been seen in living statuary displays on the London music-halls

At first things went swimmingly—that is, as people swam before the bathing-dress age. Professors analysed the Culture in serious journals. The Culturists started organs of their own, and proved with amazing illustrations how unveiled Beauty curbed and refined the human heart, and turned the brain from evil. A happy tolerance was shown in the standard of what is Beautiful. Tremendously fat people turned up unadorned, and stared contemptuously at the excessively thin, who used, it is said, their physical exiguity as advertisement for the latest remedy against corpulence. In fact, Naked Culture had a hundred practical uses quite apart from its regenerative reactions on the human soul. It established for the first time a standard of what a German ought to be. Those who were really beautiful stood forth as models for the imitation of their sisters and brethren, and those who were really ugly presented to all men's eyes a terrible example and a model to avoid.

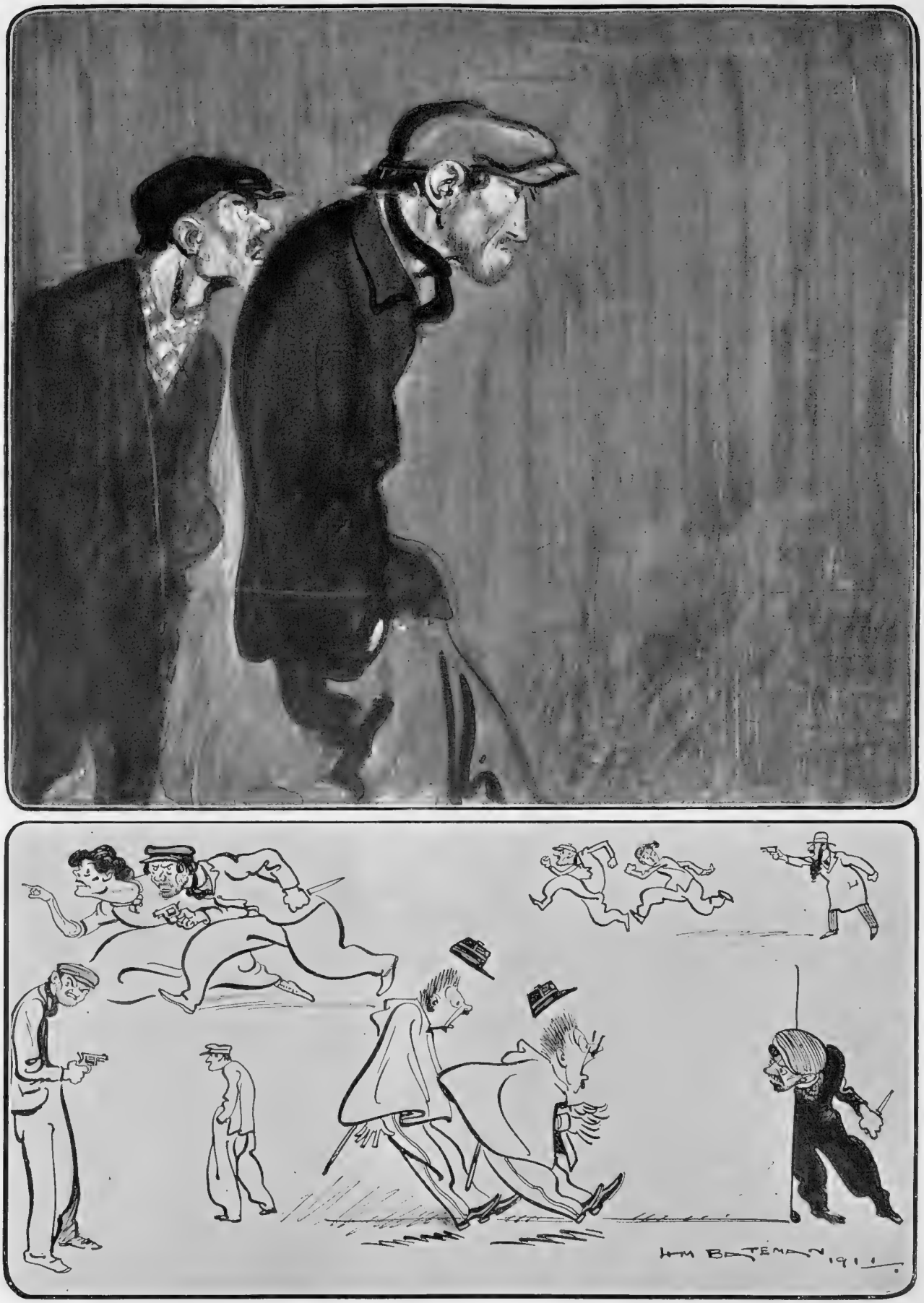
The persecutions incidental to all progressive movements were evaded with serpentine wisdom. The uncomprehending police at one time intervened. Absolute nudity, said the Prefect, is not to be tolerated, and he insisted upon a handkerchief, or, at least, a Directoire dress. The Naked Culturists retorted with a brilliant *coup*. They despatched invitations to the whole of Prussia's Parliament, and asked the members to satisfy themselves by inspection that a pretty modern lady without her clothing is quite as edifying and respectable as ancient Eve. The legislators accepted with enthusiasm. They came, saw, and were conquered, and nine out of ten of them departed secret converts to the irresistible cult.

Unfortunately, *Sittlichkeitsschnueffelei*—which is German for Frau Grundy—prevailed in the fight. The Prefect gained his despotic way, and the elderly, insensible Minister of Interior, Von Moltke, defended his action. (Nasty people said because he hadn't been invited!) The Culturists were driven to holding their *soirées* in their own houses. Others fled from Berlin to centres of greater artistic toleration. In parts of Germany the country in summer began to recall fabled Arcadia. The Culturists held graceful picnics in the merry greenwood, and more than one holiday-maker when walking through a forest suddenly stumbled on a scene which resembled the design on a Grecian urn.

In incomparable Munich, the sanctuary of the truly æsthetic, the Culturists formed a devoted band. This ought to have been the salvation of *Nackt-Kultur*, for all things are permissible in the metropolis of art. But, alas! Munich is not flawless. The fact is, the city is not only artistic, but it is also reprehensibly frivolous. Unworthy, base-living elements gained control of the Movement, and though their figures were irreproachable, they neglected the necessary talk about æsthetics, metaphysics, high art, spiritual culture, and the transcendental verities. The propaganda immediately lost its philosophical justification. People called it pure impropriety. And when the Culturists announced a public meeting at which three fair, undraped sylphs were to walk about in a concourse of fully dressed spectators, the police took example from their Berlin colleagues and said it must not be.

And now *Nackt-Kultur* threatens to die ingloriously, to Germany's grievous loss. The German figure whose recent progress gave hopes even to exacting critics will revert to its original symmetry. For there will be no standard of proportion, no criterion of fatness or thinness, no way of teaching the knowledge-thirsty citizen what is lovely and what is base. Or for lack of a living standard Germans may be forced to try and look like the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus di Milo, and by such presumptuous aspirations incur the wrath of the gods.

The Charms of Paris by Night



PARIS APACHES SKETCHED WITH IMPUNITY BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

THERE seems very little doubt that the House of Lords, when it has been reconstituted, will also have to be renamed. It is no use going on calling a place the House of Lords when it isn't a House of Lords.

* * *

As a correspondent points out, even a street is often given a different name when a murder has been committed in it.

* * *

What is one to call it? We don't want to plagiarise from other countries and call our Second Chamber "the Senate," or something of that sort. It would hardly seem honest, if we did.

* * *

The Lower House will, of course, remain the House of Commons. How would it be to name the other, in contradistinction to this, the House of Queers?

* * *

Lord Curzon's idea of nominating Mayors to it—among other representative Englishmen—suggests that it might come to be known, familiarly, as "the Mayors' Nest." But I hope not.

* * *

Whatever representatives are finally selected, I do trust that they will not all be aged. Old gentlemen are often extremely sage—but, then, how deaf they are too, and mumbly! A House in which none of the Members could ever hear what the others were saying would lack one of the chief elements of a great Debating Chamber.

* * *

If age is made a qualification, the Speaker should undoubtedly have a megaphone. For elderly Proconsuls to get painfully on to their legs only to find that it was not their turn to speak after all would lead to hasty oratorical efforts, which everybody would afterwards regret.

* * *

A burlesque concerned with the travels of the Crown Prince in the Far East was acted by the Guards at Potsdam last week, the Kaiser acting as censor. It must have been a very inspiring play, but why a burlesque? Surely a sense of humour is a very dangerous thing to encourage at Potsdam. Perhaps the Kaiser, in his capacity of censor, cut out the burlesque parts?

* * *

The new Cunarder, acording to last week's *Observer*, is to be called the *Asquitania*. The Premier will appreciate the delicate compliment implied in the substitution of the "As" for the "Ac." Will not the White Star follow by renaming the *Celtic* the *Lloyd-Georgic?* While the Canadian liners might show a little Imperialistic favour to the Opposition—thus, the *Balfourian* (Liverpool-Quebec).

* * *

France is likely very shortly to adopt Greenwich time. It appears that French time at present is nine and a half minutes ahead of ours, and smart Frenchwomen have been horrified by the idea that they have for so long been committing the *faux pas* of drinking "the English five o'clock" at the unfashionable hour of 4.50½ p.m.

* * *

IF AGE BUT KNEW!
"Don't make such a noise with your tea, mother. You're not drinking soup"
By Starr Johns

Solicitors so rarely attain either to fame or popularity that it is very gratifying to note that an amateur who has signed on to play in the League matches is also practising his profession as a solicitor.

* * *

Six hundred pounds a year is the very lowest salary, the *Spectator* thinks, that Members of Parliament should be paid, as a man cannot in that position live on less. An M.P. must be able to subscribe to his *Spectator*—what?

* * *

At the end of the inquest on the Houndsditch victims the foreman of the jury suggested to the Coroner that flogging should be administered to armed criminals. The police prefer revolvers. The birch, though it has many fundamental advantages, is ill-adapted to face-to-face combat.

* * *

The following brief grace has been suggested for the use of those who are rejoicing in good hearty breakfasts off whole-meal bread: "For this, our *Maily* bread, we thank thee, Lord Northcliffe."

* * *

On the other hand, the colour of the new comestible rather knocks on the head the cherished tradition of the "white flour of a blameless loaf," doesn't it?

"Nothing Doing!"

CUPID'S OCCUPATION GONE

BY E. A. MORROW

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"ALL THAT MATTERS" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

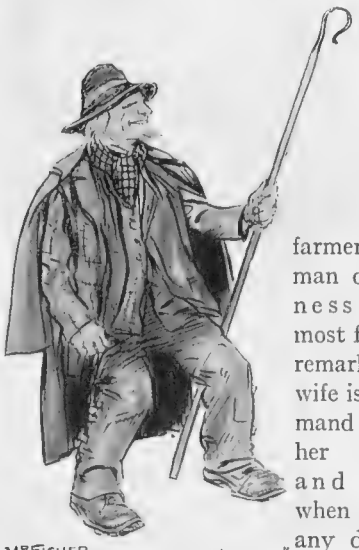
THIS is an extremely English play. It is all about Dorset, where I have been told the butter comes from; and it may be regarded as an amusing play, or a series of brilliant character studies, or a philosophical treatise on Life and Death, according to the taste of the spectator. The story itself is very slight. It turns on a lovers' quarrel, which looks as if it had been deliberately got up for the purposes of a dramatic narrative. If, as one may assume, Mr. Charles McEvoy, the author, has drawn his characters from life, it must be concluded that there is something in the air of those parts which is not conducive to the highest mental sanity. All the characters seem to me a little mad; and I can only attribute the eccentric behaviour of the Cockney tourists who are introduced to the fact that they have come under the fatal influence of the Dorset atmosphere. The hero and heroine, Allan Hyde and Olive Kimber, are both a little light-headed. Allan has a way of walking about the Downs all night, when he should be in his bed; and Olive is given to standing at her window to wait for the sunrise, instead of rounding off her beauty sleep in a proper manner. Nevertheless, I found the play extremely interesting from first to last. It is in parts of quite unusual merit, and the production is characterised by a vigour and a thoroughness that are rare in these superficial times.

Sketched by Norman Morrow at the Haymarket Theatre

Allan Hyde is a dreamy young farmer in love with Olive Kimber. When she comes to meet him on the top of the Downs—a wonderful piece of very English scenery—he tells her that he is leaving the old farm, as he cannot make it pay. But he does not mind this at all, because he will always have her to think about, and they can go away somewhere and make a fresh start. Olive does not, however, look at the matter in quite the same light. If, she says in effect, it is the thought of her that keeps him from the work of his life, it would be better that they should part. I daresay that is what she really meant, though sordid minded people might see in the remark a not unreasonable hesitation to begin married life without anything in the shape of a settled income. And no matter how much in love you may be, these meal-times have a way of coming round with depressing regularity. Allan, indeed, seems to take some such point of view. He politely suggests that she has said that because she loves Another, and you know how the girls fire up when you talk to them like that, especially if you happen to have struck the truth at the first shot. As a matter of fact, a wealthy landowner of the district, Mr. Henry Pacy, has already cast an approving eye over Olive more than once, and as he has £7,000 a year to Allan's nothing, you can understand how rude it was of Allan to drag his name into the interesting discussion.

As it turns out, Mr. Pacy (Mr. E. Lyall Swete) proposes in the next act, and Olive is urged by her parents to accept the offer, which, after an excusable indulgence in tears, she reluctantly does; and the new engagement continues till the last act, when, as everybody knows, the original couple have to kiss and be friends again for fear of setting a bad example to the young people in the gallery. This, however, is really not "all that matters." What matters most in the play is the remarkable skill with which the various characters are drawn. There is Mr. James Gill, for instance, the landlord's agent, a Scotsman who is apparently trying to cultivate the Dorset accent. It is he who first breaks the news of his chief's honourable intentions, and he does it with the off-hand air of a man who has heard about that sort of thing being done, but never imagined he would live to see it happen in the family,

as it were. This part is taken by Mr. E. A. Warburton, who puts into it a strength and an individuality which must be seen to be believed.



MR FISHER WHITE AS "ISAAC STRONG"

Then there is Mr. Stanley Kimber, the father of Olive, quite admirably represented by Mr. Charles V. France. Mr. Kimber is a farmer and a man of business. His most frequent remark to his wife is a command to hold her tongue; and then when he is in any difficulty he runs after her so that she may help him out of it. When Mr. Pacy, a man considerably Olive's senior, calls to ask for her hand he tells Mr. Kimber that he is prepared to include Allan Hyde's farm in her marriage settlement, and Mr. Kimber, with his thumbs stuck in his armpits, speaks of the offer as a "most honourable" one—a characteristically commercial view of the situation. As he is to have the control of the farm himself, he knows what he is talking about. And when, on the eve of Olive's wedding, he finds that Allan positively declines to give his farm up, his anxiety to persuade the young man to relieve them all from an extremely awkward position makes for humour of the very best order. Mrs. Kimber, his wife, is an agreeably complete performance by Miss Helen Haye. The good lady's anxiety to pass herself off as a person of breeding is very daintily emphasised; and her tittering laugh and mincing ways are a sheer delight. In a less clever and more conventional play than this, Miss Haye's performance would, I feel sure, be quite a popular success.

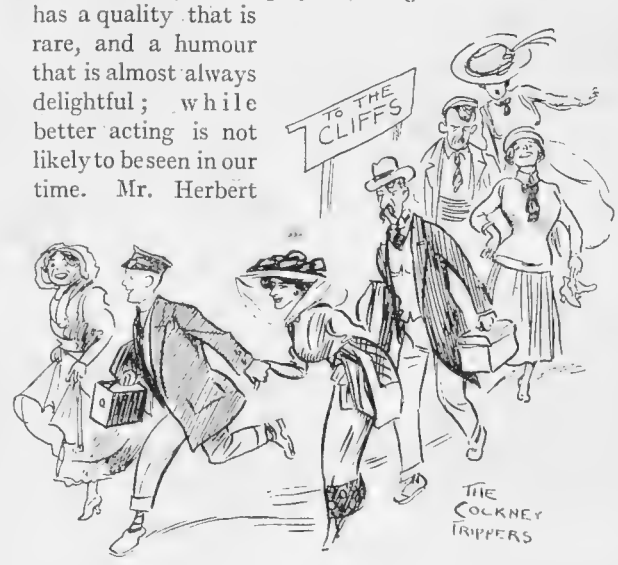
MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY AS "OLIVE"

MR NORMAN TREVOR AS "ALLAN HYDE"

The experienced playgoer knows very well that the heroine will end by marrying the right man; but the quarrelling lovers take an extremely serious view of their respective positions before they finally decide to kiss and be friends again. Olive, for instance, breaks away from Mr. Pacy, and runs to the mouth of a cave, where she stands in the hope that the tide will rise and drown her; while Allan goes to a remote corner of his farmyard and proposes to shoot himself with a rabbit rifle. This impulse to suicide for practically no reason at all confirms my view of the insane tendencies of the characters. Mr. Norman Trevor as Allan and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Olive play their parts with an admirable vigour, which, however, only intensifies the general impression of March madness.

MR E LYALL SWETE AS "HENRY PACY"

The sanest character of all is an old shepherd, Isaac Strong, quite magnificently represented by Mr. J. Fisher White. It is Strong who comes upon young Allan just as he has decided to shoot himself as soon as he shall hear the bells ring for Olive's wedding. The old man has a fine rough-and-ready philosophy of life, which he expounds with such good effect that Allan decides that instead of killing himself he will go home and have breakfast. After all, it is the better way. *All That Matters* is a play that ought to be seen. It has a quality that is rare, and a humour that is almost always delightful; while better acting is not likely to be seen in our time. Mr. Herbert Trench has mounted the play with great care and a nice taste in decorative effect; he has brought the atmosphere of Dorset, as it were, from producer to consumer direct, and I unhesitatingly commend the production to those who are always clamouring for a higher quality in our national drama. JINGLE.



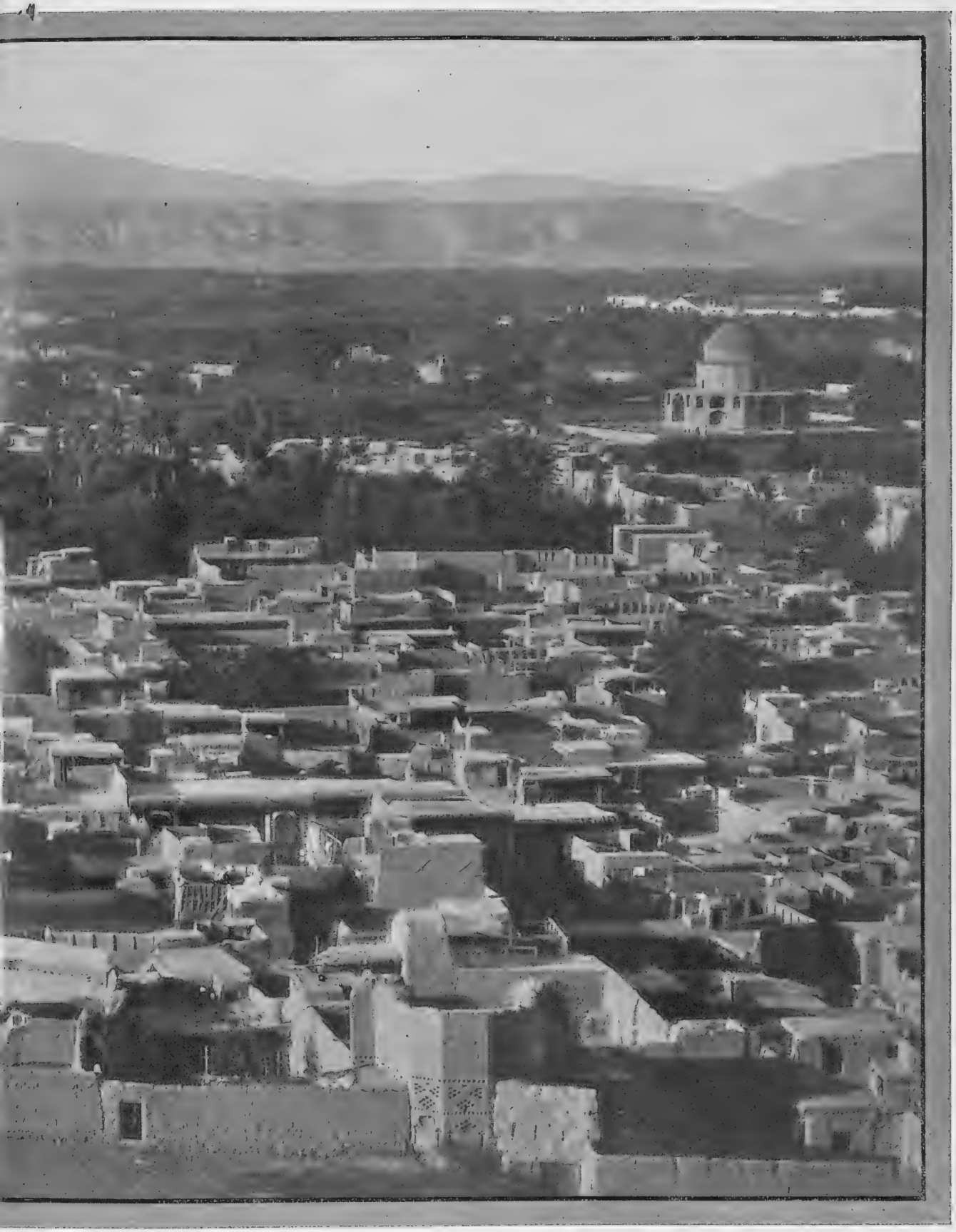
THE COCKNEY TRIPPERS

A Metropolis of Mud: A Bird's-Eye V

A GENERAL VIEW OF KABUL, WHICH IS LIKELY SOO

Excepting parts of palaces and a few of its whitened churches, Kabul is entirely a mud city. Seen from the house-tops it presents an impressive picture in khaki, a little relief to this sombre colouring being supplied by tops of trees peeping above the high walls of its serais, or perhaps a bright-coloured purdah hanging before some window to shield the ladies within from observation. Kabul must be seen from a height, for being a purely Mohammedan city, most of its flat The more money a Mohammedan has the m him means wives, and as he does not trust wall them in completely. Winter in Kabu snowfall was recently reported, several sepoy

View of Afghanistan's Hidden Capital



TO FIGURE AGAIN IN MIDDLE EASTERN POLITICS

ofs have high walls surrounding them. re walls he puts up, because money to ose wives, he has no alternative but to is occasionally severe. An abnormal perishing. The author of "Leaves from an Afghan Scrap-Book" tells the following amusing story of an occasion when the ice on the Kabul River bore sufficiently for skating. "A crowd collected who had never seen skating before, and when I tried outside edge or cutting figures, they exclaimed: 'Name of God, now he's down! Ah! the four friends of the Prophet are keeping him up,' and so on"

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. XXXIII

The Southwold

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

Sir William Cooke, Bt. (Joint Master), and Some of the Hounds

WHEN Sir William Cooke became joint Master in 1909 with Mr. Rawnsley, he brought with him his own pack, with which he had previously hunted the Ledbury and Scarborough districts. On joining Mr. Rawnsley he arranged with him (Mr. Rawnsley) to hunt the Southwold dog pack, while he (Sir William) hunted the Southwold bitch pack and his own pack. This arrangement has continued to date, and hounds have hunted practically six days a week with scarcely a break. It is probable, however, that next season Sir William may hunt four days a week with his own pack on the western side of the country, Mr. Rawnsley hunting two days a week on the south-eastern side.

Lady Mildred Cooke with her Children

The elder, William, is seven years old, and handles his pony splendidly. Charles is but five, and quite an authority on hounds

Foxes are in abundance in this country, while both this and the Brocklesby are as well stocked as any in England. They are good hardy foxes, which, strangely enough, mostly lie on the bare fallows after Christmas, and before then in the turnips. It is, in fact, by no means an uncommon sight to see them running, lying, or nosing about in fields within a few yards of the road as one motors or drives across the Wolds. The enclosures are large in the Southwold country, mostly arable and bound by every description of fence—except walls. This necessitates a blood horse who can both gallop and jump boldly out of plough. It is not nearly so deep a country,

Scenes at the Southwold Headquarters

The Master's Residence: Ranby Hall from the Water

Ranby Hall lies some twenty miles east of Lincoln, and seven or eight west of Louth

The Kennels at Ranby

The kennels at Ranby Hall face the house across a small park, and are composed entirely of wood and iron. They are healthy, and there has so far never been a trace of kennel lameness or sickness. The yards are large and enclosed with very high corrugated iron sides and fronts

Sir William Cooke, his Eldest Son, and Whips with Pack

The Southwold have already accounted for over sixty brace of foxes this season, and so well is the country stocked that it could well stand another thirty brace being killed. This speaks well for the way foxes are preserved in the country

however, as its neighbouring one—the Burton. The pack which Sir William owns and hunts himself consists of thirty-five couples of good-looking, level hounds, showing a considerable amount of quality. In getting them together the blood from some of the best kennels has been drawn upon, such as the Belvoir, Cottesmore, Atherstone, Cheshire, Ledbury, Brocklesby, Worcestershire, North Hereford, Milton, and Lord Harrington's. Those who know these kennels will agree that no better could be found to produce a combination of shape, colours, and work in a foxhound.

Sir William and Lady Mildred Cooke at Ranby with a Half Wild Fox

The pack, therefore, at Ranby have almost perfect necks and shoulders, and very well-sprung ribs. These are their characteristics in shape. Their backs and loins are quite good, and they have plenty of bone. They are very straight, well coupled up, and are big hounds, which get over the country well. In their work they have what is, in my opinion, the greatest of all attributes in a hound—good nose. Their patience and perseverance on a cold scent is remarkable, while when scent serves they have great pace and drive. They are handy, stick to their line like glue, and they have tremendous tongue, while no amount of work seems to tire them. Taking them all round I should certainly say Sir William has succeeded admirably in his endeavours to get together a really efficient working pack, combined with good looks, for they really are as good in their work as in appearance. This, I am aware, is according very high praise to any pack.

Sir William Cooke married the Lady Mildred Denison, daughter of the late Earl of Londesborough. She is nearly always out on wheels and sees a great deal of the run of a fox. Her two small sons often accompany her, both of whom promise to follow in their father's footsteps; indeed, the the smaller one—Charley, aged five years—already knows every hound in the pack, a remarkable feat for one so young. Sir William devotes himself to his hounds and hunting. As a rider he gets over the country well, and as a huntsman he is showing great sport, killing his foxes in a masterly way. He has an excellent knowledge of hunting hounds, a good voice, and wisely leaves his pack to work out their problems themselves. His manner in the field is very courteous and quiet, and I fear that sometimes his good-nature is taken advantage of by some followers. But as long as hunting lasts there will always exist kill-sports, unless they happen to run against a "plain-speaking" Master.

To see Sir William's really beautiful pack streaming over the far-extending Wolds—which are similar to those in Yorkshire—and to hear their fine cry is most stirring. Such a sight is no uncommon one, for so open is it that it is almost possible to see, while stationary, the entire run. Good farming and good-will towards sport are characteristic of the inhabitants of this portion of Lincolnshire, and the kind of sport which is shown is of the real old-fashioned sort.

Master Charley Cooke and his Father's Hunter
This youngster, aged five, already knows the name of every hound in the pack

Rantepole, entered 1908. By Worcestershire Rasper out of Southwold Beauty

Tumbler, entered 1909. By Milton Saladin out of Ledbury Truelass

THE FAMOUS IRISH HUNTS are now being visited by Mr. Leonard Willoughby, and illustrated articles concerning them will shortly be published

Bystander Short Story

The INTAGLIO

By J. S. FLETCHER

Author of "Mothers in Israel," "Mr. Poskitt," etc.

IT was not very long after I had settled down in my new offices in Jermyn Street and had announced to the world that I was prepared to undertake the investigation of a certain class—only a certain class—of mysteries, that my head clerk brought me, one fine May morning, a card which bore the name Mr. Landan Offley Etheredge. In the lower left-hand corner was a further inscription—31st Lancers.

"Bring Mr. Etheredge in at once, Carter," I said.

In another moment there entered a tall, handsome, sun-browned lad of, as near as I could guess, twenty or twenty-one, golden-haired, blue-eyed, groomed with the fastidiousness of boys of that age, and obviously ill at ease and very much in trouble.

"I say," he blurted out, "I'm in a most awful hole!"

"Most people who come to me are in most awful holes," I replied. "It's my business to endeavour to get them out of the holes."

"I was advised to come to you," he said. "You're awfully clever at solving mysteries, aren't you?"

"What is your mystery, Mr. Etheredge?" I asked.

He sat straight up in his chair, and his face became very serious.

"I'll have to tell you all about it," he said, "and I'm a bad hand at that sort of thing. I don't know whether you ever heard of my father; his name was Laurence Etheredge."

"Certainly," I replied. "He was a famous collector and virtuoso."

The boy's face brightened.

"Yes," he said simply. "I don't know much about that sort of thing; I always meant to be a soldier. Well, you know my father died about fifteen months ago. My mother died six years since. So there is just my sister Violet and myself."

He halted there, so I tried to help him on.

"Is your sister younger than you, Mr. Etheredge?" I asked.

"No; she's older. Violet's twenty-one," he answered.

So he was younger than I had taken him to be. I waited for him to continue.

"It's really about—about my sister that I came to you," he said at last, with an obvious effort. "She—she's awfully pretty, and good, and clever, and all that, and you see, when I joined I introduced a man of ours—in fact, he's my Captain, Captain Lingard, the best chap in the world—to her, and Lingard fell awfully in love with her."

"And your sister with him?" I asked.

He shook his head despairingly.

"That's just what I can't make out!" he said. "I—I always thought so until recently. They were an awful lot together, and she seemed fond of him, and as for Lingard, why, he simply worships her! We're stationed at Hounslow, you know, just now, and so we've a lot of time in Town, and Violet and I have the poor old dad's house in Sussex Square still, and, of course, Lingard's often been there with me, and until a fortnight ago I thought everything was going to come all right, and now—oh, I can't make it out!"

"Now tell me clearly," I said, "what it is that has happened. Until a fortnight ago you thought that an engagement was to take place between your friend, Captain Lingard, and your sister. What has occurred since?"

"This," he said, with a sudden frown. "Violet has engaged herself to a man whom I simply loathe—Sir John Weaver."

I suppose I could not repress an involuntary start of astonishment. The boy looked at me keenly.

"You know him?" he asked.

"Not personally, but I know of him, of course," I replied. "He, like your late father, is a great collector."

"Yes, that's the chap," he answered. "He's—why, he's old enough to be Violet's father!"

I considered matters for a few moments, and then asked:

"Was Sir John a friend of your father's?"

"Yes," he replied. "He was. At least, they spent a lot of time in each other's company, and at each other's houses. Looking over their collections, you know, and that sort of thing."

"Then, of course, your sister has known Sir John for some time?"

"Oh, I suppose he's known her ever since she was a child," he replied.

"How do you know that this may not be a case of genuine affection?" I asked.

The boy's face flushed angrily.

"Oh, hang it all, I say, you know!" he burst out. "It can't be!"

"But young women of twenty-one often do fall in love with men of forty-five," I said. "That's well known."

He sat drumming his fingers on his hat for a while, looking very glum and angry, and evidently considering what to say next.

"Look here," he said at last. "I'm not clever, and perhaps I can't put things as I ought to. But I know what I feel and think. I'm certain that Violet is in love with Lingard, although she says she's going to marry this chap Weaver. There's something wrong."

"Tell me plainly," I said. "Do you think Weaver has some hold on her?"

(All rights strictly reserved)

"I'm afraid so," he answered.

"Have you any idea of what nature?"

"No, none at all."

"Has your sister ever had any love affairs before?"

"No, I'll take my oath on that!" he said, with some heat.

"How are you and she left as regards money?"

"Quite well off," he replied. "We have no anxiety at all on that point. We are, in fact, very well off. My father was a very wealthy man."

"You don't think your sister has any secret that you are ignorant of?"

He shook his head despairingly.

"I can't think of anything," he replied. "We've always been such pals, Violet and I, and latterly she and Lingard and I."

"What does Captain Lingard feel about this?" I asked.

The boy turned his head away.

"Knocked clean out!" he answered.

"I suppose there really is no doubt about this engagement?" I asked. "Has your sister told you of it herself?"

"She told me with her own lips a week since, as calmly as if she'd said she was going to Ranelagh for the afternoon," he answered. "And, besides, it's been in the *Morning Post*," and he drew a newspaper-cutting from his waistcoat-pocket and laid it before me.

"Well, Mr. Etheredge," I said, "to bring matters to a head, what is it you want me to do?"

He looked at me with real entreaty in his eyes.

"I want you," he said, "to find out what this means, and to save my sister from this marriage. For I'm as certain as I am that I'm here that that chap Weaver has somehow got some hold on her. Find out what it is, and release her."

I considered this proposition seriously before I answered him.

"You are asking a good deal, you know, Mr. Etheredge," I said at last. "Let me put two or three points before you. First of all, you really do not know that your sister is not genuinely attached to Sir John Weaver. You say she is clever. Has she tastes corresponding to his?"

"Yes, I believe she has," he admitted.

"She follows after your father?"

"Yes, I suppose she does," he said grudgingly.

"And she has known Sir John for all these years and been a great deal in his company?"

"Yes."

"Then I think it quite possible that this may be a marriage of affection," I said.

Something very like tears started up in the boy's handsome eyes, and he jumped out of his seat.

"Then, damn it, what did she want to—to be—to be like that to Lingard for!" he exclaimed. "I can't—won't believe she was flirting with him! And if you knew him—the very best chap——"

"Sit down, Mr. Etheredge, and let's talk more," I said. "I know how you feel about this. You're devoted to Captain Lingard, aren't you?"

"Of course," he answered with simplicity. "I should be an ass if I weren't."

"Very well, we'll leave him for a minute. Now, as far as you can tell me, what was the precise nature of the friendship between your father and Sir John?"

"Well," he answered after some reflection, "they used to be about a good deal together; they were both awfully keen about those old coins, and medals, and pictures, and things, you know. And Weaver used to dine at our place once or twice a week. And they were members of the same club, the Erectheum, you know. Yes, now I come to think of it, I suppose they were friends. I remember that the very last letter the poor old dad wrote was to Weaver."

"Under what circumstances was that?"

"He died rather suddenly——"

"I remember quite well," I said, interrupting him, "that your father died of angina pectoris."

"Yes, that's it," he said. "Well, when the doctor had given him something after the first dose of pain he came round a bit, and he asked for writing things, and he wrote a letter to Weaver and sealed it, and told Violet to give it to Weaver after his death. He was dead very soon afterwards."

"Of course, you never knew—either you or your sister—what was in that letter, Mr. Etheredge?"

"Oh, no, of course not!"

"And it was delivered?"

"I saw my sister hand it to Weaver."

"Now I want to ask you one more question. Was your sister greatly attached to your father?"

The boy had been gnawing the handle of his walking-cane for some minutes as if he meant to bite a way through it or something to an elucidation of the mystery that troubled him—he now lifted up his head at my question with a look that showed another side of his character.

"We were both awfully fond of my father, sir," he said. "If you had known him——"

"I did know him, Mr. Etheredge—slightly. I understand you."

"But, of course," he continued, as if pursuing some train of thought of his own, "of course, Violet was always with him. I was pretty well all the time at school, you know—Wellington. She was passionately devoted to him; it was a terrible blow to her when he died so suddenly."

I rose from my chair. There was another client due.

"Very well, Mr. Etheredge. Now listen carefully. I gather that you are just now on short leave?"

"Yes," he answered, looking rather surprised.

"I want you to be at home at Sussex Square to-morrow a little before your usual luncheon hour, which is—two o'clock, eh?—very good. A certain Professor von Baumsdorff will send in his card and crave your permission to see the late Mr. Etheredge's famous collection of intaglios. You will ask him in, and you will ask him to lunch, and if your sister is not present, you will keep him until she arrives. I need scarcely tell you that the Professor will be—myself."

The boy listened with evident mystification to this, but I saw that he was committing it all to memory.

"I'll see that my sister is there, sir," he said. "And I'll see that everything's all right. I mean, I won't say a word to her. But I say, look here—since—since this beastly business, that chap Weaver drops in pretty often to lunch, and suppose he's there to-morrow?"

"All the better," I said.

"Supposing he knows you?" he asked.

"That," I answered, "you can leave to me. You won't know me yourself. Now, cheer up."

He shook my hand warmly. Then a thought seemed

(Continued on page 396)

Beginning Young

HOW SOON SHOULD BABY REHEARSE THE PICTURE-POSTCARD SMILE?

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF A CHILD WHOM MR. H. W. NICHOLLS HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN PERSUADING TO "LOOK PLEASANT"

(Continued from page 394)

to strike him. He turned very red and extremely awkward and began to fumble in his breast-pocket.

"I say," he said. "I—er—look here, you know, I don't know anything about these things. I'm an awful rotter at explaining anything, but—what about——"

"What about writing me a cheque, eh?" I said, smiling. "We'll leave all that, at present. Now you must really run away. Don't forget that Professor von Baumsdorff calls to-morrow about ten minutes to two."

I let him out by my private door, and saw and ultimately got rid of the client who was waiting, and then rang for Carter and asked him if Trenchard had been in that morning.

"He is in my room at this moment, sir," he answered.

"Send him in to me, Carter," I said.

Now this man Trenchard, although he was in my pay, was to me as big a mystery as any of the mysteries he helped me to solve. If you had met him strolling along Piccadilly you would have taken him for a retired Army man—a well-built, well-set-up, soldierly figure, a bronzed face, a grizzled moustache, slightly worn eyes. He was always perfectly dressed, and had an astonishing variety of clothes, hats, gloves, and boots. His linen was immaculate, and his umbrellas looked as if they had never been unfurled. Whatever he had in hand he always seemed to be indifferent to; he was an adept at yarning, and he never used an unnecessary word. Who or what he was, what he had been, I never knew, but I knew his value.

He came in now, irreproachably attired, the very picture of a Bond Street or Piccadilly lounger, and sat down without saying a word. He fixed a monocle in his right eye, and regarded me.

"Trenchard," I said, "what do you know of Sir John Weaver?"

Trenchard answered in his usual laconic fashion.

"Weaver—well-known collector—familiar figure at all great sales—lives in Hyde Park Gardens—very rich man—philanthropist—age about forty-six to fifty."

"We all know that," I said. "Come—what else?"

He dropped the monocle, shifted his seat, came close to my desk, and gave me a meaning look.

"Well?" he said meaningly.

"Anything you know," I answered.

"I've known things," he said, reflectively. "Sort of double-life man, Weaver. There was the case of a Gaiety girl some years ago. There was another case of a young married woman, an artist's wife. Hushed up, both—piles of money behind Weaver. Lately, there's been an affair with the young Countess of Lovemore—husband's away in South America. But Weaver's now engaged to be married—daughter of Etheredge, another collector. Settle-down-and-be-good-for-ever-business, eh?"

"Trenchard," I said. "You've to keep Weaver under the closest surveillance until I tell you to stop. Understand? You'll report to me from day to day. Good morning."

I thought nothing more of the Etheredge case until I went to Sussex Square next day in the character of Professor von Baumsdorff. Etheredge received me in a small room, opening off the hall, into which I had been shown after sending in a card. He was obviously amazed and amused at my disguise.

"By Jove!" he said, when he had closed the door upon us. "How on earth do you do it, sir? It is you, of course?"

"It is I and not I," I said cautioningly. "So long as I am with you in this house, remember, I am Professor von Baumsdorff. Be careful to remember that."

"I'll not forget," he said. "Come along and I'll introduce you to my sister. And remember that I have already asked you to lunch with us."

He took me to another room, where we found Miss Etheredge, to whom he introduced me as a German *savant* who had heard of the fame of their father's intaglios and had asked permission to see them. He also added that he had asked me to lunch, an invitation which she immediately seconded.

"My sister, Professor, knows much more about these things than I do," said Etheredge, "and after lunch she will be delighted to show you anything you wish to see."

I made a suitable reply to this, and added some compliments on the fame of their father as a collector. Presently an elderly lady came in, who was introduced to me as their aunt. I soon found that she resided with them. And then, just before luncheon was announced, in walked Sir John Weaver, evidently very much at home. Now I had borne in mind all along the almost certain fact that I should meet Weaver there, and I had accordingly purposely chosen a subject on which I am as much an expert as I am on certain aspects of criminology—intaglios—because I knew that he also was an expert. I was introduced to him in my professional capacity, and the reason of my visit explained, and he and I were soon in a discussion which lasted until we were seated round the luncheon-table. But while we talked I was busily engaged in studying Violet Etheredge and the man she was to marry, because I felt that between them there was certainly some strange secret. I say I felt it, just as one feels a definite atmosphere.

The girl in her way was as handsome as her brother in his. She was tall and queenly in figure, full of grace and more than pretty, and there was a rare strength of character betrayed in her eyes and lips. She looked the sort of woman who could suffer greatly and show little sign of it; who, if she made up her mind to a sacrifice, would carry it out unflinchingly; who, if she gave her word, would keep it at any cost to herself. I have said she was as handsome as her brother, but there was more force and decision in her than in him, and, oddly enough, there was very little likeness between them, for while he was fair she was almost a brunette, and had a wealth of brown hair which she wore in a great braided coil at the back of her head, and her eyes were the most liquid brown I have ever seen. There were few handsomer women in London—or anywhere else.

And I made a narrow examination of Sir John Weaver, whom I had never seen at such close quarters before. A well-preserved, well-fed, elaborately dressed man, a little inclined to portliness, a little inclined to heaviness of feature, especially about the jaw; a good-looking man of florid complexion and carefully trimmed moustache, but with a certain expression of eye which would have made some shrink from him. His manners were suave and courteous; he had all the polish of the man accustomed to the best society. But—there was that something which

(Continued on page 398)

"The Mystic Hour"

TWILIGHT STUDY BY J. M. WHITEHEAD

(Continued from page 396)

explained why young Etheredge, as he put it, loathed him.

I carefully watched the attitude of these two towards each other. They were almost studiously polite; there was nothing to show that they were engaged to be married. And it did not take me long to decide that whatever Violet Etheredge was marrying Sir John Weaver for, it was not love. I questioned whether it was even respect. One glance of the human eye can sometimes tell one more than a flood of words. After lunch Miss Etheredge took me to see the intaglios, Sir John accompanying us, and Etheredge hovering somewhere about. It was a very fine collection, and I felt extremely glad that I had made a hobby of the subject myself. And I went straight to a point at which I had been aiming ever since arranging this affair with young Etheredge. Pointing to a certain famous intaglio, I said, watching both Sir John and Miss Etheredge:

"I believe that this is the only known example in existence, is it not, and that you, Sir John, once had one which was stolen from you some years ago and has never been recovered?"

I saw a curious, subtle change come over both faces—the girl turned away and spoke some commonplace to her brother; Sir John nodded his head hurriedly.

"Yes, yes, that is so, Professor," he said. "Yes, my poor friend Etheredge and myself were fortunate in securing the two. Mine, as you say, disappeared."

"I remember reading of your loss in the papers," I said. "There was a robbery at your house, I think, and you lost several other valuables."

"Oh, several," he answered. "Quite a mysterious affair—never solved. Now, have you observed——" And he changed the subject.

I left soon after that, and young Etheredge accompanied me to the door.

"Well?" he whispered anxiously. "Any good?"

"Wait a little," I answered. "Now, listen—during the next few days keep me informed of your whereabouts, day or night, because I might want you at a moment's notice. Don't get out of range of a telephone; and never mind how often you ring me up."

Then I said good-day and left him, looking more mystified than ever. As for myself, my visit to Sussex Square had encouraged me in a theory which I had formed from the beginning. The more I considered it the more I was certain that my theory was correct—the only thing now was to find or to hit upon a happy means of proving it to be correct.

And as luck would have it, I had not to wait long for that. At half-past seven that very evening, just as I was thinking of going to dinner, I was rung up by Trenchard from a call office near Piccadilly Circus. His message was, like his conversation, short and sharp.

"Weaver and Lady Lovemore are dining together in a private room at the Café Sireno—just gone in. I am keeping watch. You will find me outside."

I called back to Trenchard that I would be with him as quickly as possible, rang him off, and got on to Etheredge, whom I instructed to come to me at once. Then telling Carter to keep him till my return, I got into a taxi-cab and bade the man go as fast as he could to the Guards' Club. Truly, the stars were working for us in this case! Whatever else happened there would be no further question of marriage between Miss Etheredge and Sir John Weaver. Lady Lovemore—private room—Café Sireno! That was sufficient to settle the whole matter. The Café Sireno has one of the worst reputations in London; it is a place to which no decent man would dream of taking any woman for whom he entertained respect, and for these two to be found there under the circumstances described by Trenchard would be damning. And I intended that they should be found there—by Etheredge and by Lady Lovemore's brother, Lord Horbury. Lady Lovemore, whose husband was away in South America, was well known to be as flighty as she was pretty, and her family had had trouble with her already; but there had never been any open scandal, and I knew very well that Lord Horbury, who held a captain's commission in one of the Guards' regiments, and was a very martinet in private as well as in military life, would give Weaver short shrift if he found him and Lady Lovemore together.

I found Lord Horbury just about to dine, but all thought of dinner or of anything else went out of his head when he heard my news.

"You have no doubt about the truth of this?" he said.

"I wish your lordship to come with me and ascertain the truth for yourself," I answered.

"Yes," he said, "I'll come—I should think I will come!"

We drove back to Jermyn Street in the cab which I had kept waiting. Etheredge had just arrived. The two men knew each other slightly, and Lord Horbury was, of course, aware of Weaver's engagement to Etheredge's sister. And after a moment's brief interchange of views we set off to the Café Sireno, and were very silent all the way.

Arrived at the front entrance to the Café we were joined by Trenchard, who seemed to spring up from nowhere. He was immaculately attired in evening dress with a silk-faced cape thrown over his shoulders, and looked exactly like what he professed to be, a somewhat *blasé* diner-out. My two companions stared at him.

"My man," I whispered them, at which they stared still more. "Now, Trenchard," I said.

"They're in 15," he said, "I've got 16—told the management I was expecting friends, so that we could get up without fuss. Come along."

We entered the Café and went along softly carpeted corridors until we came to the room Trenchard indicated. In that place the doors were so thick and so closely fitting that we could not hear a sound. Trenchard noiselessly tried the handle—the door was locked.

I gave Trenchard a look. He knocked at the door, waited, then knocked again. And then Weaver's voice growled an answer.

"What do you want?"

Trenchard replied, imitating a Frenchman's voice:

"Pardon, m'sieu—it is I, ze proprietaire. I wish to speak to m'sieu one leetle moment."

The key turned, the door opened, and there, very angry indeed, stood Sir John Weaver. Behind him was the picture of an elaborately flower-bedecked dinner-table, at which the coffee and liqueur stage had been reached, and there, in a ravishing toilette, was my Lady Lovemore, trifling with a gold-tipped cigarette.

We were all in the room before Weaver could close the door again, and Trenchard turned the key. And then we all looked at each other, or rather we looked

(Continued on page 400)

To Glorify Their Kinsmen, Too?

POSSIBLE SEQUELS TO A RECENT STRIKING POSTER

THE Sunsplash

LADY WARWICK'S HUSBAND ADDRESSES SOCIALIST MEETING

THE SUNSPLASH

Evening News

REMARKABLE SPEECH BY THE KAISER'S BROTHER

TO-DAY'S SPORTING NEWS

EVENING NEWS

The Spar

MR. HALL CAINE'S AUNT AT THE DIVORCE COMMISSION

THE SPAR

The Phone

TABLE TALK BY MR. JUSTICE DARLING'S NEPHEW

THE PHONE

LORD ROSEBERY'S GRANDSON ON BURNS

AFTERNOON TIMES

REPRODUCTION OF THE "EVENING NEWS" POSTER OF THE 13TH INST.

THE ABOVE POSTER, EXHIBITED IN LONDON LAST WEEK, SUGGESTS AWFUL FEARS OF WHAT MAY FOLLOW, IF PROMINENCE IS TO BE GIVEN NOT ONLY TO THE UTTERANCES OF CELEBRITIES, BUT ALSO TO THOSE OF THEIR VARIOUS RELATIONS

The Whisper

ABUSIVE SPEECH BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S GODFATHER

THE WHISPER

Daily Croak

THE ALIEN TROUBLE EXPLANATION BY THE HOME SECRETARY'S STEP-SISTER

DAILY CROAK

KERMIT ROOSEVELT ON BRITAIN'S DUTY IN INDIA

THE ECHO

Daily Clips

"WHY I AM" BY BERNARD SHAW'S GREAT-NIECE

DAILY CLIPS

"MY LIFE SO FAR" BY PHYLLIS DARE'S UNCLE

LONDON GOSSIP

(*Continued from page 398*)

at Weaver. I never saw a man turn so pappy in my life. His face turned the colour of paste, and his breath began to come in short, sharp pants. He glared at us like a trapped beast. As for the woman, she, half-risen from her chair, stared, horror-stricken, at her brother.

Lord Horbury assumed command. He suddenly produced—I don't know from where—a curious-looking cane. He pointed to his sister.

"Put your cloak on, Lady Lovemore!" he commanded. "Quick!" He turned to Trenchard. "Drive this lady to her house in Clarges Street, and see her safely in. Go, Dolly, at once! Not a word!"

When they were gone he advanced on Weaver.

"Now, you scoundrel!" he said, seizing him by the collar. "I shall mark you, and then I shall thrash you!"

He brought the cane with a swift movement over the man's white face, and left a purple weal that extended right across it. And then he thrashed him, and Etheredge and I turned away, for the victim's writhings were not nice to look upon.

"There!" said Lord Horbury at last. "Now it's your turn, Etheredge. Shall I lend you my cane?"

"Stop!" I said. "He's had quite enough. We want something else than that. Here, help me to get some brandy into him."

We got him round at last and lifted him from the floor, where he had fallen in a heap. He collapsed in a chair, sobbing and cursing and glaring at us.

"Now, Sir John," I said, "hand over to Mr. Etheredge the letter which his father wrote you on his death-bed. Come! Quick!—you have it on you."

Still growling and chattering like a wild beast he drew an envelope from an inner pocket of his vest and gave it to Etheredge.

"Give that to me, Mr. Etheredge, if you please," I said.

He gave me the envelope wonderingly, and I went across the room and drew out the enclosure. It was just what I expected to find.

DEAR WEAVER,

I am dying, but I cannot die until I confess to you that it was I who stole your intaglio. I wanted mine to be the only one in the world, so I stole yours, and destroyed it. Forgive me as I hope God will forgive.

LAURENCE ETHEREDGE.

"That will do," I said, putting the letter in my pocket. "We can go now, gentlemen."

Outside, we parted—Lord Horbury going back to his club, Etheredge and I, at my request, driving to Sussex Square.

"Mr. Etheredge," I said, as we neared the house, "you are never to ask me or your sister what is in this letter, which I am about to give her. Give me your word."

"On my honour, sir. But, she is free?"

"Free as the wind!"

I saw Violet Etheredge alone and handed her the letter. I never saw a woman's face change so—never saw such relief expressed in a human countenance.

"Miss Etheredge," I said, "no one will ever know what was in that letter but three people. Weaver will never speak now, neither will you, neither shall I. It is as if it had never been. Drop it in the fire."

She obeyed me as if she were still in some dream. I bowed to her and left the room. Etheredge was fidgeting about the hall. He came towards me anxiously. I smiled at him and pointed to the telephone.

"Now," I said, "you can send for Captain Lingard."

J. S. FLETCHER

By What Name? Medicine Hat City on the Canadian Pacific Railway

Mr. Rudyard Kipling recently wrote a characteristic letter to the citizens of Medicine Hat, objecting to the proposal to change the town's name. He urges Medicine Hat not to sell its birthright or drop its unique and world-famous name. After a long argument that the name Medicine Hat City is its greatest asset, Mr. Kipling suggests that any city that changes its name because it is ashamed of it should be re-christened Judasville. The present name of the city is a translation of the old Cree name of the place. It is rich in Indian traditions

The REVIVAL of the WORK of DOWNMAN

By CHARLES FREDERICK HIGHAM

MOST of us had accepted it as a matter of course that when a man like Downman passed away there would be no one to take his place, and yet it seems that, though some men are great in their time, in some future age another man arises on the horizon equally as talented, and seems to be the reincarnation of the master of the past.

From 1779 to 1824 Downman was the most celebrated master of portraiture in water-colour and pencil. His work had a touch that stamped it for all time alongside of the creative work of the world's greatest artists. He seemed to be able to give to a portrait that subtle touch that made it live.

Those who are fortunate enough to-day to possess portraits painted by this famous man have an heirloom that is almost priceless.

A little while ago, I found, stored away in a box, a faded daguerrotype of my grandmother on my mother's side. This was a valuable "find" for me, because, as far as the family knew, there was no portrait in existence of grandmother. Though to a certain extent the likeness was still there, it was quite apparent that, before it had been exposed to the air very long, the cracking would increase, and ultimately the picture would disappear.

I went to several photographers to try and have the daguerrotype reproduced, but only with mediocre success.

Talking to an artist friend of mine one evening, the subject of daguerrotypes and their reproduction came up; and this man, quite an authority in his way, said to me: "Why don't you show it to Keturah Collings? He is quite a different sort of man from any other man you have ever met connected with photography. He seems to take a peculiar pride in his work, quite apart from mere money-making. Photography seems to have a certain unique fascination for this man.

"I believe," my friend said, "that he could give you as good a portrait of your grandmother from that little tin-type as Downman would have given you from the original." So one day I dropped in at Mr. Keturah Collings' studios at 73, Park Street, Grosvenor Square; and it took a very few minutes to convince me that here was a man who would stand out from his fellows in this generation as an artist in portraiture of singular ability.

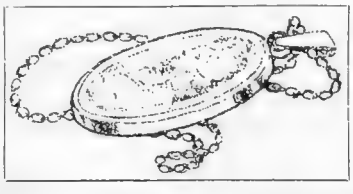
I asked Mr. Collings how it was possible for him to get the sort of pictures he showed me from such poor material, and he said: "It is largely a matter of what one really wants to do. I had always admired the work of Downman and the eighteenth-century artists, and I thought that, if I did not consider trouble in any way, I might be able to get a perfect copy of the original; and then, by taking the impression on fine hand-made paper and finishing the portrait as one would work on a miniature, with a very fine and delicate water-colour, removing the old and obsolete background, and with a few strokes of a pencil indicating the dress, the picture would then have the touch of the old Masters. I believe I have succeeded in this, but you shall be the judge, Mr. Higham. If I cannot get a portrait that your mother will say is a perfect picture of her mother—provided, of course, that the daguerrotype you now hand me was a good likeness—you need not pay me. I have old photographs sent me from China, India, Siberia, Western Australia, and the other day, singularly enough, an English lady sent me from Corea an old portrait of her mother for reproduction in pencil. This is very gratifying to me, and encourages one so. I think," said Mr. Collings, "that there is a little more in business than mere money-making, for if any man will do his work well, and only sell it for what it is worth when it is well done, he will make considerably more money and reap infinitely more ultimate advantage than if he is merely in commerce for commerce sake; and, further, I see no reason why a man should not be an artist and a successful business man as well."

I left this singular and decidedly interesting personality, and did not hear from him again for five days, when the postman brought me a package. When I opened it I could scarcely believe my eyes. It seemed like my grandmother alive again. In fact, to me (with my temperament), the portrait was almost uncanny, and it impressed all the rest of my family in the same way. We all have one of these portraits now, and would not part with them for anything else we possess. You may have the same inclinations that I had.

All I can say is, that if you have a portrait, no matter how old it is—an old snap-shot, or a figure in a group, that you would like to have copied in the really artistic manner one rarely sees nowadays, it will be worth your while to send or take it to Mr. Collings and have his opinion on it. If there is any work being done by any photographer in this or any other country that compares with Mr. Collings' work, I and my artist friends have never heard of it.

Emerson once said that if a man writes a better book, or builds a better house, or does anything better than his fellows—no matter if he is in the middle of a forest—the world will make a pathway to his door.

Mr. Collings' doorstep is well worn now, and he should need a new one before many years have passed.



GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Bogey

I referred some months ago to the rumours respecting a code of Bogey rules which the Midland Golf Association were reported to have submitted to the Rules of Golf Committee for its consideration and approval. I commented on the matter at the time, expressing the hope that the allegation that these rules were to be based on those governing medal play might prove unfounded, and I pointed out the anomalous position in which the Royal and Ancient Club would be placed by the issue of a code of Bogey rules by a subordinate association under the ægis of the Rules Committee in view of the fact that the Club has never recognised Bogey and has never authorised any code of rules to govern that form of the game. By the courtesy of the Hon. Secretary of the Midland Golf Association I have been favoured with a copy of "Rules for Bogey Competitions as approved by the Rules of Golf Committee."

The New Code

These rules are strictly founded on stroke-play rules, as is sufficiently indicated by the somewhat involved and laboured definition of a Bogey competition by which they are prefaced. This is really so remarkable, and is such a wonderful example of an intricate description of a really very simple matter, that it merits quotation in full:—"A Bogey competition is a series of stroke competitions in which play is against a fixed score at each hole of the stipulated round or rounds, and the winner is the competitor who is most successful in the aggregate of these competitions." This is distinctly precious, and as a specimen of elegant and elaborate English deserves the close attention of all golfing students of our classic language. But who, after the most prolonged study of this definition, would be able to guess that Bogey play is against an imaginary opponent who does each hole of a round in a certain fixed number of strokes, varying according to the length of each hole, and that this form of the game was invented for the special purpose of enabling players to compete for medals and prizes under the rules of match play with certain necessary modifications? By this code of the Midland Golf Association the whole *raison d'être* of Bogey has been destroyed, and a competition under these rules is not Bogey at all, but merely a sort of bastard form of stroke play.

It is, indeed, a queer irony of circumstance that Bogey, which has never been recognised by St. Andrews, should now, with the approval of the Rules Committee, go out into the world in a debased and degraded form.

Mr. J. S. Worthington

In the recent match between Mid-Surrey and Cambridge University at Richmond Mr. Worthington played "top" for Mid-Surrey, and beat the Cambridge captain, Mr. J. F. Ireland, by 3 and 2. Our illustration shows the finish of one of his tee-shots. Mid-Surrey won by 6 matches to 2

Is It Official?

But I come now to a much graver aspect of the question, which seriously concerns the government of the game at large. The inevitable result of this new Bogey code will be this. It will cause players throughout the country to take it for granted that the Royal and Ancient Club has authorised and approved of these rules, for they will naturally suppose that the Rules Committee would never have set the seal of its approval on the code except with the sanction and authority of the Club. But, so far as I know, the Club, as the supreme authority in golf, has never been approached at one of its meetings on this Bogey question, and has never had the question submitted to it whether it wished to take Bogey into its consideration, and, if so, whether it wished to authorise the Rules Committee to draw up and submit to it for its approval and sanction a code of Bogey rules. I was glad to see that Mr. Herbert Fowler took the same view of the position as I do, and I sincerely trust that he will take the opportunity of the forthcoming spring meeting of the Club to ventilate the subject and arrive at a proper understanding of the position. It is surely much better that the Club should thrash out this question of a Bogey code and settle whether it will or will not authorise an official one than that a code of a minor association should go out to the world which is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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The Literary Log Rolled by Robert Ross

"The Manchester Guardian"

I suppose one of the most valuable properties among newspapers is the *Manchester Guardian*. Except THE BYSTANDER, it is the best-written paper in England. That is acknowledged even by Conservatives. I once took a plebiscite of London publishers, inviting them to express opinions on the order in which *reviews* counted. Thirty-six publishers came to the poll. As it was in the nature of a secret ballot, of course I can't give you their names, but I can give you the result, which is highly interesting; or, rather, part of the result, because it would be unkind to some of our contemporaries to show how far down they were in the list. For *Novels*, the order was: THE BYSTANDER, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Morning Post*, the *Times* Literary Supplement, the *Manchester Guardian*. For *Belles Lettres*: THE BYSTANDER, the *Morning Post*, the *Times* Literary Supplement, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily Telegraph*. For *Works of Criticism*: THE BYSTANDER, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Morning Post*, the *Telegraph*, the *Times* Literary Supplement. There were other classifications which it would be indiscreet to reveal. I handed over all the documents to Mr. Herbert Thring, of the Authors' Society. They were sealed up, and are to be opened a hundred years after my death. I don't mind telling you that the *Spectator* came first on one event; you can try and guess what it was. This was not, however, my earliest appreciation of the *Manchester Guardian*. During the Boer War it was the only paper that expressed my views, and I have taken it in ever since. We are so provincial in London that we hardly ever read anything but our own Press. And many Londoners, unconnected with Manchester, do not know what they have missed by omitting to read the art criticism of Mr. Laurence Housman, the London letter of Mr. James Bone, and the dramatic criticism of C. E. M. For a long time I did not know for whom those stimulating initials stood; not until the appearance of that wonderful novel, *The Hind Let Loose*.

Mr. C. E. Montague

The well-known dramatic critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, whose book, "Dramatic Values," is reviewed on this page. Mr. Montague has previously published an admirable novel

"Dramatic Values"

Then I remembered with regret that probably all the dramatic criticism I had read in the *Manchester Guardian* was probably lost for ever in its files. I thought, not unnaturally, so much of it having dealt with ephemeral things, that the author would not be able to reprint any of it without the suspicion of dragging corpses into the sunlight. By adroit adaptation Mr. C. E. Montague has made his "theatre notices" into a little volume, *Dramatic Values* (Methuen: 5*s*.), which must take a permanent place in the critical literature of our time. My fears were unjustified; the criticism is just as fresh, as provocative, and incisive as when it was written. Criticism, whether appreciative or destructive, often outlives the thing criticised; and in one or two instances Mr. Montague's opinions will probably outlive what he praises—as the adulation of Lucian survives the picture of Apelles. I would draw the attention of London dramatic critics to perhaps the most remarkable of the essays, "Improvements in Play-Making." The author here evinces the sense of responsibility which the dramatic critic ought to have — a sense terribly lacking in some of them. Dramatic critics have done more to arrest the progress of English drama than any indifferent public. The public may pay little heed to what they say, but managers and authors, particularly the former, are frightened of them. Mr. Montague might become a real power in London, because he has grasped the philosophy of drama as distinct from the theatre. How admirably he isolates Ibsen from his contemporaries. "It had been a time fairly rich in writers with messages and also in adepts at technical stage-craft. But as a rule the messengers had no stage-craft and the skilled play-makers had no message." That is only a hint of what *Dramatic Values* contains. Every essay, every page, makes you think without once producing the traditional headache. You will differ with Mr. Montague, of course. That is part of the pleasure; he fences, but

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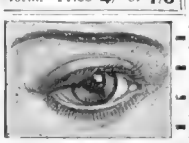

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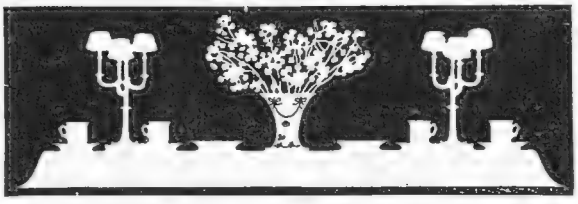

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the button never comes off his foil. I differ from what he says about Mr. Shaw and another dramatist. He deprecates their dependence on an audience. Of drama the audience is a component part. All dramatists must be parasites. I do not think Fielding or Burns writers with "the greatest imagination." I think if we condemn a craving for "curious, exotic, or abnormal stuff," for signs of the second-rate we shall have to throw over not only Shakespeare's sonnets, but other things besides. In any case, these are prejudices, and there is nothing second-rate in *Dramatic Values*.

"Widdershins"

To appreciate Mr. Oliver Onions's volume of stories, *Widdershins* (Martin Secker: 6*s*.), as much as it deserves, I think you must have read his other books, or proceed to do so. You will certainly want to read them. At least, that is my case. But, frankly, I am ashamed to say *Widdershins* is the only one I have read. And I am not quite *there*. I don't understand the first story, "The Beckoning Fair One," though I have gone through it twice. The most mysterious ghost story ought to be coherent. Until I read someone else's review I did not know that the hero had murdered the lady journalist. I would certainly have murdered her myself in the circumstances, the most extenuating I ever heard. And I do not know if Mr. Oliver Onions meant her to be charming. "Phantoms," again, is totally unintelligible to me. "Io" is clearer; but it appears to me merely ludicrous that a young lady in the suburbs should suddenly imagine herself a Bacchante after reading Keats and put on a tiger-skin hearthrug sent up by the landlady to keep out draughts. Horror, at all events, there is none, though you recognise material for a one-act farce. Still, Mr. Onions, you feel all the time, has considerable power and imagination, but he has chosen inadequate tales for conveying a complete impression.

A Warning for Biographers

A story of ghosts, or fantasy, or horror must not irritate. In the art of being vague there are many masters. Poe, Stevenson, Guy de Maupassant, Gautier, Mr. Thomas Hardy, have all excelled in their particular line, and none of them have succeeded quite so well as Mr. J. M. Falconer with the *Lost Stradivarius*, in which the machinery of "The Beckoning Fair One" is used with far greater skill. It is stock machinery, so I am not suggesting any plagiarism. The story "Hic Jacet" appears to me far the best in this volume of stories; it has real psychological, not spurious psychic, interest. A long and fine novel might have been made of it. No one, I feel sure, is more capable of that task than Mr. Oliver Onions. Here he is at his best, so far as I know; and that best is on a very high level indeed. Anyone with a temptation to write biographies of distinguished friends ought to peruse it carefully. I was once tempted in that way, so I am speaking from experience, and appreciate the moral so delicately and unobtrusively indicated. The fantastic element, too, is admirably handled in this story. ROBERT ROSS.

MEM.—The name of the author of *The Triumph of Pan*, a book of poems reviewed by Mr. Ross, was quoted incorrectly in last week's issue. It is Victor Neuberg, not Wenberg.

Count Tolstoy's Sons at a Wolf-Shooting Party

The three central figures are: Count Ilja Tolstoy (on the left), Count Michael Tolstoy (in the centre), and Count Serge Tolstoy (on the right)

From the series of pictures by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A., and the copyright of John Dewar and Sons, Ltd., the famous Whisky Distillers to His Majesty the King

GAMES AND PASTIMES

RUGBY FOOTBALL

A Great Win for the Services

It is commonly said that forwards, however good they are, cannot win a match alone; they must have the support and assistance of good men behind them. However, the United Services' forwards last week practically won the match against Oxford "on their own." Oxford were nearly at full strength behind the scrummage, and the fact that they only scored twice means that the defence of the Services' backs was almost beyond reproach, but the forwards were the attacking force of their side, and did all the scoring. It was a great win, and proves what a fine side the Services are when most of their best men can turn out. They have not beaten Oxford for several seasons.

Photograph *Silk*

Oxford University v. United Services: S. Steyn (left wing three-quarter) Scores Oxford's First Try

The Services gained a brilliant win in this match at Portsmouth last week, after being 5 points to the bad at half-time, by 16 points to 8

ROWING

The Crews

Practice for the 'Varsity Race has now reached the period of grim earnestness — the period when the composition of each crew, for better or for worse, is more or less irrevocably decided upon and will not be altered except under stress of some unforeseen accident or development. Cambridge have started upon this period with the initial advantage of having been the first to settle their order; in the case of Oxford there was the question of the best man for the important post of seven to be decided and an apparent weakness on the bow side generally to be overcome. At present the eight seem capable of using what power they possess to the full, but the question whether they are powerful enough remains to be solved. Cambridge, with fewer difficulties to contend with, have been getting into form by the process known as "slumming"—that is to say, by doing long journeys without an early at an almost abnormally slow stroke. It is improving, but dull. However, if it hasn't bored them too much they will train on into a really fine crew.

The Lents at Cambridge

The Lents are still "on" as I write, though they will be well over by the time this issue of THE BYSTANDER appears. In the first division the boats are rather below the average, with the exception of Jesus, which can only be robbed of the headship by some very untoward event. The second and third division boats, on the other hand, have proved to be rather better manned than usual—though that is not saying *very* much—and the racing has, at any rate, been lively, with plenty of bumps knocking about.

Bump Upon Bump: An Incident in the Lents at Cambridge

On the first night of the Lent races at Cambridge last week in the second division, Lady Margaret 2 bumped First Trinity 3; St. Catharine's were close up at the time, and, through their cox failing to clear Lady Margaret 2, they were bumped by Pembroke 2, who were pressing them hard. Our illustration shows the four boats literally *en bloc*

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RACING NOTIONS

NEWBURY PROSPECTS

By CARBINE

Cambridge University Steeplechases at Cottenham (near Cambridge)
Mr. J. Pickersgill (who promotes the meeting) taking a hurdle in the Cambridge Hurdle Race

At Hurst Park

This was a very pleasant meeting, with good racing and agreeable weather. Nor was it a bad time for those who notice THE BYSTANDER selections. We had three winners, Smithfield scoring at 5 to 1 and Donnington at 3 to 1. Leinster came to grief in the chief race of the gathering, the Naval and Military Gold Cup. This was a tremendous surprise, as it is seldom the old horse puts a foot wrong. He is one of the surest jumpers in training, and it was bad luck for his backers at Hurst Park that he made a mistake before he had settled down in the race, for had he stood up he would in all probability have beaten Ballymacoll and captured the prize.

The New Services' Meeting

On Friday is the United Services' Cup, which Mr. McCalmont looks to have an excellent chance of winning with **Judas.** Should this horse be reserved for a later engagement, I think success may rest with **Barbed Head.** The Spring Hurdle Race is another £500 event, and Lord Marcus Beresford may win it with **Master Mine.** Perhaps, however, the most generally interesting event of the day will be the Grand National Trial Steeplechase. My opinion is that Mr. Percy Whitaker will hold the strongest hand with his pair, **Rory O'Moore** and **Lord Rivers,** the selected one of which may be successful. If both of them run, I should choose the top-weight.

Other Selections

The Newbury Steeplechase on the second day looks like being a very open affair. **Clyduff** is my selection. In the United Services' Hurdle Handicap, **Angel's Path** may be worth following, while I believe Captain Springfield has a chance of taking the Hunters' Cup with **Rosary Bell.** After the scare as to his well-being, Jerry M. has returned to his place of favouritism for the Grand National. I am still of the opinion that in spite of his tremendous burden he has the best chance of any, but the odds of 9 to 1 are not at all tempting, and I do not think we shall do wrong in waiting until nearer the day of the race. For the Lincolnshire Handicap, Helot seems to be settling down into genuine favouritism, and if Frank Wootton rides him he will be heavily supported on the day of the event. No doubt he possesses good prospects of success, but my own fancies are for Dalnacrag and Spanish Prince, with at present a slight preference for the former.

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A Safety Aeroplane

The illustration of the "Sloan Bi-curve" which appeared in these columns last week introduces a machine with special claims upon our interest. It has novel lines, each with a purpose of definite utility. In that, at least, it differs from some machines whose novel lines are designed chiefly for the benefit of the Press photographer. The lines of the "Bi-curve" are an expression of a combination of principles. The virtues of the biplane are in it, and the monoplane, and in a minor degree the parachute. The ultimate end is, however, neither speed nor spectacular effect. The machine may be equal to both, but the only objective is safety in flight. The curious curvature of the planes gives them girder strength, and relieves the frame of that jumble of uncertain wire stays upon which reliance is normally placed for protection against collapse. Experience has lamentably demonstrated once or twice already that such a confidence is misplaced.

Lateral Stability

The curvature, however, has a further purpose. A certain volume of the air passing between the two planes is compressed and diverted right and left along the lines of the planes to escape at the open ends. The effect here is claimed to be automatic lateral stability, which many demonstration flights under every sort of condition have verified. At Juvisy and Brussels and other places the almost dead even keel upon which the "Bi-curve" flies and turns has already arrested the Governmental as well as the unofficial expert. For so new a denizen of the air, and remembering that it has still to make its competitive essays, the "Bi-curve" has succeeded in creating a highly favourable impression. For the Society of Motor Manufacturer's or any other safety competition, it is a very likely winner.

British Interest

We may even have a patriotic interest in it. Although the few machines which have already been constructed have come out of the Charenton Works, the parent Company has been registered in Great Britain, with offices at 26, Budge Row, and the intention is to make the "Bi-curve" British in substance and in fact as early as possible. Only present space precludes a more extended reference to its features. Later, upon the arrival of the first "Bi-curve" in this country, there may be opportunity for a further commentary. Meanwhile the student may make a red-ink note of the name.

The North of England Show

Manchester completes the motor show story for another year.

High Flying at Brooklands on Tuesday, the 14th inst.

Mr. Morrison flew to a height of over 6,000 ft., thus creating a record for British high flying

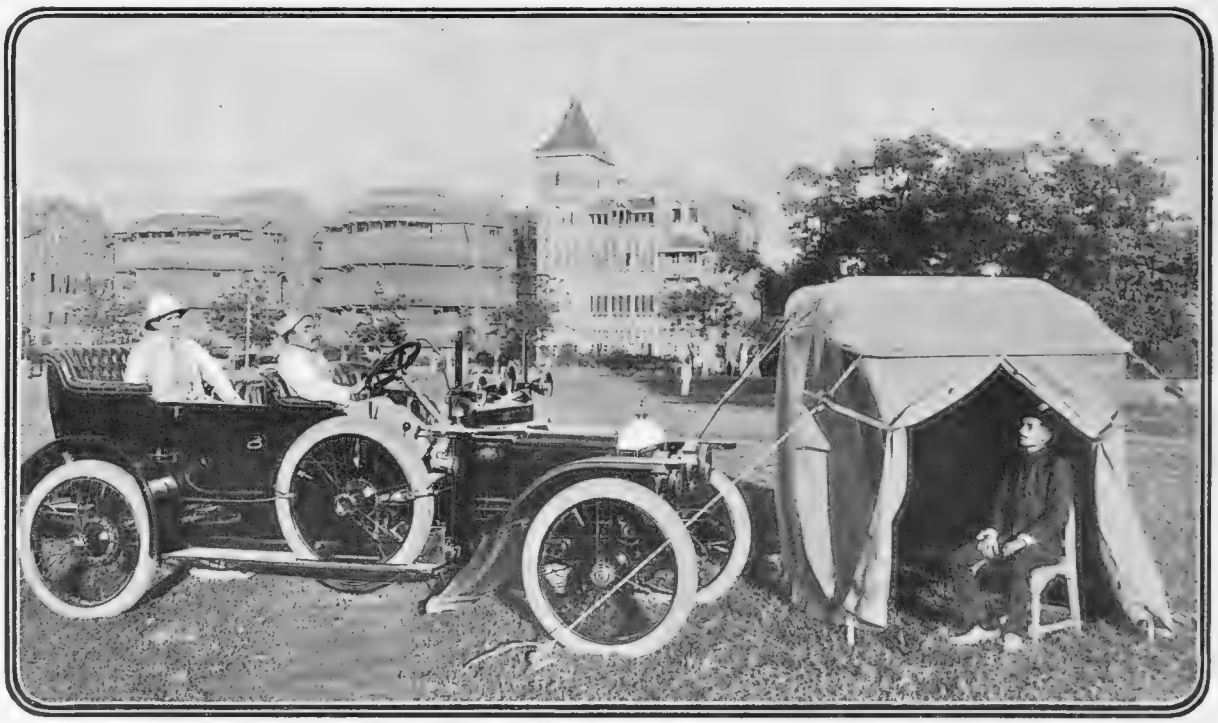
The exhibition now being held at Rusholme is the last of the series sanctioned by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. It is also from some points of view the least; but it serves as an excellent local trade stimulant, and offers the motorist within easy striking distance an opportunity of seeing quite a fair number of commercial as well as private vehicles, and a much more representative collection of accessories. I imagine this show is not regarded with an over-favourable eye by the government of the Trade, which hardly attempts to disguise its lack of enthusiasm for any multiplication of the Olympia event.

The Selden Case

On this side of the Atlantic the claims of the Selden organisation have not worried us. Indeed, it is probable that the vast majority of motorists are in abysmal ignorance alike of Selden and his demands, while most of those who may have heard of them have no very clear idea of what all the pother is about. In America, however, the automobile industry knows everything about the matter, and it is, I imagine, sufficiently interesting to warrant a little space. Briefly, Selden claimed that his patent covered every essential feature of the power-plant of the modern motor-car, and upon that endeavoured (with assistance) to recover royalties from every American car manufacturer. His case was so strongly pressed that many of the manufacturers took him and his case to their bosoms, imagining that to be the cheapest way. They formed an organisation called the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers (hereinafter the A.L.A.M.), and started a crusade against those manufacturers who remained without. Chief of these was Ford—the maker of that remarkable little cheap car which has been selling in such quantities on the British market. But Ford refused to be peacefully, or in any other way, persuaded, and one of those great fights which delight the legal heart commenced. It looked like a case of a small nut under a large steam-hammer. As it has turned out, that imagery is peculiarly bad. David and Goliath are the only possible parallel.

Patents and Progress

At first the case went against Ford, and the Selden claim was upheld. Ford appealed. It has taken a long time to get to the decision of the second circuit Court of Appeal, because the law has leaden feet and moves with solemn step and slow, but it has arrived at last. The decision reverses the judgment of the lower Court, so far as Ford is concerned, while maintaining the validity of the Selden patent! In other words, it upholds the patent, but denies its application to the modern petrol engine. It affirms what is apparently the fact, that the Selden engine upon which the patent was registered was of the constant pressure type (known to the engineer as the Brayton type), whereas the Ford engine is an expression of the Otto principle applied by Daimler to road locomotion, and improved, while maintaining its essential features, into the high-speed machine common upon practically every car of the present day. The A.L.A.M. discovers, therefore (with little of the delirium of happiness, I imagine), that it has been paying royalties upon a patent which does not apply!



A Novel Use for a Cape Cart Hood

The car is a 22 h.-p. New Daimler owned by Mr. Cassamally J. Peerbhoy, Bombay, India. The hood was specially constructed by the Daimler Company and is easily converted into the useful tent depicted

In Compression

Among the outstanding exhibits at Manchester, as at Edinburgh and Olympia, is, of course, the Metallurgique car carrying Vanden Plas coachwork. There may be a more attractive combination, but I admit, with the memory of many shows upon me, and a fairly intimate acquaintance with most of the work of the motor world, I have not been able to find it. The car is exhibited on Lawton's (No. 26) Stand.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 377.—Vol. XXIX. Wednesday, February 22, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF NEARLY 45 ACRES.

Exquisitely positioned on Southern slope of a hill.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS

embracing Knockholt Beeches, Elmstead Woods, and the Surrey Hills.

A DRIVE SOUTH OF TOWN.—For SALE, *one of the best-known examples of modern Elizabethan architecture, substantially built and elaborately fitted and finished absolutely regardless of cost.* 500ft. above sea, in perfectly secluded and countrified position. Sand and gravel soil; due South aspect. Approached from a pretty rustic lodge by a long winding carriage drive through finely timbered grounds, the RESIDENCE contains: *lofty and well-proportioned hall, 3 handsome reception rooms, billiard room, picture gallery, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices.* Excellent detached stabling for 5, with groom's rooms over; coachman's house; farm-buildings, gardener's cottage. Artistically displayed grounds. 3 terraced lawns for tennis, croquet, and bowls, grass promenades, high brick wall in Elizabethan style, protecting one of the terraces, 2 recessed alcoves forming summer-houses, kitchen garden, glasshouses, grandly timbered, undulating park-like lands, and 22½ acres of ornamental woodlands, in all about 45 acres. *Gas and Company's water. Hot-water heating. Telephone. Close to golf course.* Would be Let.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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EXCELLENT YACHTING.

NEW FOREST BORDERS (near the coast).—For SALE, old-fashioned FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive, and occupying high position. Lounge hall, billiard, and 5 reception, 16 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and ample offices. Stabling for 10, farmery, double cottage, 2 lodges, laundry, etc.

OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

tastefully displayed, fully matured, and ornamented by some fine trees; shady lawn, tennis lawn, bowling green, rosary, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, thriving nuttery and orchard, also enclosures of park and woodland, bounded on one side by the Avon Water, and comprising in all

ABOUT 25½ ACRES.

Adjoining land up to 80 acres can possibly be purchased.—Details of Sole Agents, JACKMAN and MASTERS, Lymington, Hants, or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD ELIZABETHAN HOME.

WITH OAK PANELLING.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE COTSWOLD HUNT.

£4,500, FREEHOLD.—This fine old black and white RESIDENCE has been MODERNISED IN EXCELLENT TASTE, is most picturesquely placed within 4 miles of Cheltenham, and COMMANDS LOVELY VIEWS OF THE COTSWOLD HILLS. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 2 staircases, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), and complete offices, including servants' hall. Stabling of 6 boxes, 2 stalls. Accommodation for men. Really charming gardens with FINE OLD YEW HEDGES and timber, tennis and other lawns, shady walks, kitchen garden, orchard and rich meadow-land; ABOUT 16 ACRES in all. Near church, telegraph, village, and golf course.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

FURNISHED FOR A YEAR

Delightfully situated,

Near Ashdown Forest.

60 ACRES.

Gas. Sandstone Soil.

EAST GRINSTEAD (commanding grand views, and within 1½ miles of the links).—Picturesque old RESIDENCE, beautifully modernised and surrounded by about 60 acres. Good hall, charming drawing room, quaint old dining room, fine BILLIARD ROOM, study, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.). Stabling and garage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.; and NEW YORK.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

SUSSEX. In a pretty and healthy part.

£2,500 WILL PURCHASE the above picturesque old-fashioned black and white FARMHOUSE, full of old oak beams and rafters, and standing in grounds of about

40 ACRES.

2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3 attics; pretty garden and orchard; stabling for 6; cowsheds for 14; granary, etc.; the land is divided into about 20 acres of pasture and 20 acres of arable. Land Tax redeemed.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York. (4,948)

ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN SPORTING ESTATES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.—To be LET, for a term of years, partially Furnished, with sporting over 8,000 acres. The above fine old-fashioned stone-built MANSION, standing in the midst of a richly timbered park and Estate through which runs a well-known stream providing

6 MILES OF TROUT FISHING.

The House contains: entrance hall and saloon, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, about 30 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; acetylene gas throughout; large stabling, garage, men's rooms, etc.; the sporting includes about 1,000 acres of woodlands, and provides good all-round bags; hunting available.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York. (F 1,720)

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON SANDY SOIL, WITH SOUTH ASPECT.

SEVENOAKS DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, the above well-built modern RESIDENCE, in perfect order, and commanding delightful views. It is approached by a long carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: lounge hall, 4 reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and ample domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. COMPANY'S WATER. RADIATORS.

Exceptionally good stabling for 6; model farmery and dairy, several cottages; the very beautiful grounds include full-sized croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, rose garden, and completely walled kitchen garden; rough shooting. The whole Property extends to about 100 acres.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York. (3,471)

50 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.
DELIGHTFUL VIEWS OF THE LEITH HILL RANGE, BOXHILL, AND THE DORKING VALLEY.

TO BE SOLD, a finely timbered RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 176 acres, comprising a fine old House of

ABOUT THE XVIITH CENTURY,

surrounded by magnificently timbered grounds and parklike lands of 176 acres, through which it is approached by a long avenue of forest trees, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: entrance and inner halls, 6 reception rooms of excellent dimensions, 16 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 7 horses, with coach-houses, etc., and coachman's cottage. The grounds are quite a feature, the large extent of woodlands providing delightful walks; lakes affording boating and trout fishing.—Plan and detailed particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York. (4,442)

A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

HAMPSHIRE (within easy reach of a main line station, from whence London is reached in about 2 hours).

TO BE SOLD.

The above fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber is exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York, who have inspected. (3,242)

BUCKS. 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, FREEHOLD, for the above artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., and New York. (4,761)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

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Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

Probably the most attractive moderate-sized Estate on the market.

THE ROCKHURST ESTATE,

Formerly the Property of the late Sir Richard Farrant,

IS NOW FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY by order of his Trustees.

IT COVERS A MOST COMPACT AREA OF ABOUT 290 ACRES,

and excels not merely in one attribute, but in many, the combination of which commends the Estate to the notice of intending buyers. It is within easy motoring distance of London and Brighton, lies in the most charming part of the County of Sussex, occupies a delightful position, bounded by the main Brighton road, and possesses a good moderate-sized RESIDENCE, standing 520ft. above sea level, with a complete installation of electric light, and surrounded by BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.

The House (see view above) is well sheltered from the North and East, and commands magnificent South and South-West views extending to the South Downs. There is a good supply of excellent soft water. The extent of the Property is singularly convenient, provides an admirable home farm, and includes a good area of delightful woods and thriving plantations. The Estate is equipped with every necessary building, and has some of the best cottages in the county, the whole being in first-class order.

THE PROPERTY INCLUDES A UNIQUE AND REMARKABLE RANGE OF ROCKS SITUATED AMIDST CHARMING WOODLANDS, AND CONSTITUTING A FEATURE OF EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL BEAUTY. THESE ROCKS HAVE LONG BEEN THE WONDER AND STUDY OF ARCHÆOLOGISTS, AND AFFORD A SERIES OF WALKS OF A MOST INTERESTING AND ROMANTIC CHARACTER. Early possession.

Particulars of KING and CHASEMORE, Horsham; or WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

IN A FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE, 40 minutes' motor ride from London.—To be SOLD, a Freehold RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising an area

OF ABOUT 36 ACRES,

and including a moderate-sized Residence, approached by a carriage drive with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: 4 reception rooms, BILLIARD ROOM, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, and offices; there is stabling and 2 coach-houses; the pleasure grounds are beautifully timbered (see view above), and there is an ornamental lake, tennis court, and glasshouses. The Property occupies a HIGH AND BRACING POSITION, and commands magnificent views; it is within easy reach of 3 GOOD GOLF COURSES.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,781)

A BARGAIN IN THE HOME COUNTIES.

HOLMWOOD DISTRICT.—For SALE, AT A REDUCED PRICE, the above picturesque COUNTRY HOUSE, on 2 floors, beautifully situated 300ft. above sea, with stabling, model farmery, beautiful grounds, 2 fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, cottages, and undulating nicely timbered meadows: 8 bedrooms, dressing room with bath, 2 other bathrooms, large and handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, lounge hall, conservatory, and good offices.

Electric light; Company's water; heating.

The Property comprises an area of about 17 ACRES.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,817)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.

In a beautiful district between Harrow and Rickmansworth. A short distance from two stations, whence the City and West End are reached within 25 minutes.

THE ABOVE CHARMING FREEHOLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed, and in absolutely first-rate condition, standing in pretty grounds of nearly 3 acres, TO BE SOLD. Contains: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, and offices; water laid on; acetylene gas; excellent motor-house, small stable, cottage, etc.; inexpensive but very pretty grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, rose and flower beds, racquet court, kitchen gardens, etc.; good golf links within easy walk.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,860)

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NEW FOREST (on the borders of).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE (recently modernised and improved at a cost of over £1,000). It is approached by a carriage drive and stands in

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS,

with tennis lawn, flower garden, excellent walled kitchen garden and paddock, in all about 7 acres: lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage, and outbuildings, and large conservatory and vinery; gravel soil. Rent, £130.—*Inspected and strongly recommended by* HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CLOSE TO A LOVELY SURREY COMMON AND GOLF LINKS.—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally choice RESIDENCE, built under the supervision of an eminent architect for the owner's own occupation, 400ft. above the sea level.

COMMANDING GLORIOUS VIEWS.

Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; excellent stabling; LOVELY TERRACED GROUNDS OF ABOUT 3 ACRES.—Full details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

35 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

£120.—**SURREY** (500ft. above the sea level).—To be LET, Unfurnished, attractive RESIDENCE, COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS AND STANDING IN SECLUDED GROUNDS OF ABOUT 1 ACRE, with tennis lawn; hall with fireplace; 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); MOTOR-HOUSE. RENT ONLY £120; should be seen at once.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RESERVE PRICE CONSTITUTING AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN.

FINE VIEWS OF HINDHEAD, CROOKSBURY, AND HOG'S BACK.

"LAWDAY PLACE," FARNHAM, a remarkably well-built commodious RESIDENCE, standing in *beautifully timbered grounds of* 3¼ ACRES, tennis and croquet, kitchen and flower gardens, young orchard, and lily pond: 10 bed and dressing, 4 reception, lounge hall, bath, servants' hall, etc.; stabling and cottage; Co.'s water; hot-water radiators; gravel soil; acetylene gas; telephone; modern drainage; 1½ miles from Farnham Station, 2 miles from Aldershot—To be SOLD by AUCTION on March 7 next by HARRODS (Ltd.).—Solicitors, HOLLEST, MASON and NASH, 93, West Street, Farnham.

LOW RENT. OWNER ABROAD.

KINGSTON HILL.—Beautifully Furnished RESIDENCE to be LET: 5 bed, bath, 3 reception, billiard room; garage; electric light; good garden.—Inspected by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,037)

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR THE SUMMER.

MESSRS. HARRODS (Ltd.) can offer a choice of

5,000 Houses

in all parts of the Kingdom.

Extensive selection of THAMES and RIVERSIDE, SOUTH COAST, and COUNTRY PROPERTIES.

AT A VERY LOW RESERVE.

NEW FOREST, RINGWOOD.—A CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED THATCHED COTTAGE RESIDENCE, known as "Crowe Cottage," within 1¼ miles of station, well away from main road, with pretty garden, lawn, kitchen garden, and orchard of 2½ acres: lounge hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, large barn, etc.; hunting, shooting, fishing, golf obtainable.—To be SOLD by AUCTION on March 7 next by HARRODS (Ltd.).—Solicitors, Messrs. RIDGE, HEATON and WIGRAM, 8, New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

HANTS, TEST VALLEY (1¼ miles from 2 stations, 4½ miles from Andover Junction).—Miss Bird's HOUSE, "Chilbolton," built in the semi-bungalow style, approached by long carriage drive in

PRETTY GARDENS OF 1 ACRE.

3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 2 horses; COTTAGE with sitting room, kitchen, and 3 bedrooms. FISHING CAN BE OBTAINED IN RIVER TEST.—To be SOLD by AUCTION on March 7 next by HARRODS (Ltd.).—Solicitor, P. E. I. TALBOT, Esq., Andover.

GOLF LINKS ½ MILE.

HERTS (350ft. above sea).—To be LET, from May for 5 months, well-furnished HOUSE, close to station, on gravel soil: 5 bed, 3 reception rooms; motor-house; pretty gardens; 2 tennis courts.—All details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,178)

COMMANDING SPLENDID VIEWS OVER THE WEALD OF KENT.

TO BE SOLD, a picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying a high and healthy position, OVER 600FT. ABOVE THE SEA. Part of the House dates back to 1600, is built of very thick walls, and stands in a WELL-TIMBERED PARK of 90 ACRES, FACING SOUTH. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water; HOT-WATER RADIATORS.

STABLING FOR 9. COTTAGE. FARMERY.

LOVELY OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS.

2 tennis courts, walled kitchen garden, extensive wood, and meadow-land, in all about 150 acres.—Box K 4,689, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

UNDER 1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a charming old-world RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 4 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; coachmen's cottages; golf course 1 mile.—Box K 4,800, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¾ of a mile from a station, 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive 100 yards in length, and containing: fine lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; heated by hot-water radiators; acetylene gas; stabling for 5; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 6 acres, and contain some fine timber, full-sized tennis lawns, flower beds and borders, and meadow-land. Hunting 6 days a week; golf; shooting can be obtained.—Box K 4,710, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A FINE SPORTING ESTATE OF OVER 700 ACRES. SMALL RESIDENCE. TROUT FISHING. GOOD RENT ROLL. IN THE WESTERN MIDLANDS.

TO BE SOLD, an AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE of 713 acres, with a Black and White timber Residence, pleasantly situated, commanding magnificent views. Accommodation: 3 reception and 6 bedrooms; the shooting includes grouse, partridge, pheasants, etc.; 4 miles of good trout fishing.—Box K 4,923, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO LET, in Portofino, for Winter and Spring months, completely Furnished HOUSE. Modern comforts; splendid position facing sea; garden. 550 lires monthly (£22).—Apply, AURELIA BASSO, Portofino, nr. Genoa, Italian Riviera.

CULLERCOATS, NORTHUMBERLAND.—To be LET, Furnished, for a long or short period, SEASIDE RESIDENCE, in a bright, bracing, and healthy situation on the Northumberland Coast, within 20 minutes of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The House, which is known as Monks Raven, contains: on the ground floor, drawing room, dining room with winter garden, morning room, sewing room, butler's pantry, servants' hall, kitchen, and larders; on the first floor, boudoir, 2 large bedrooms, 2 smaller ones, dressing room, and 2 bathrooms; on the second floor, billiard room and 7 bedrooms. There are gardens in the rear, also garage and stable: the House, although situated in a terrace, is of a most exceptional character, and has a unique position, only 100ft. from the cliff and right in front of a quaint and interesting harbour, and close against a fishing village 1 mile from mouth of River Tyne; in beautiful order and condition, and has been recently decorated and furnished by Warings.—Apply, THOS. B. SANDERSON and SON, Estate Agents, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

12 MILES FROM LONDON (near excellent golf course).—To be SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying an entirely secluded position in matured grounds of nearly 5 ACRES. It contains: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; main drainage; Company's water; stabling for 2; beautiful gardens, tennis court, vinery, forcing-house, and meadow-land. Very moderate price.—Box K 3,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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GENUINE OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, WITH OAK-PANELLED ROOMS.

DERBYSHIRE (in the beautiful Dovedale neighbourhood).

RENT, £110 PER ANNUM.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, a charming old HOUSE, containing: 3 reception rooms, fine old staircase, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices, with servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 2; cottage; charming old gardens with 2 tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard, and 2 paddocks; 30 acres of land and farm-buildings can be rented if desired.—Full particulars of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

1,700 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

NORFOLK, in the best part, 1½ miles from station, *300ft. above sea level, on gravel soil*, convenient for Sheringham and Cromer.

160 GUINEAS P.A., UNFURNISHED.—Beautiful old red-brick HOUSE, right back from the road, in finely timbered park: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, good offices, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling, coach-houses, 2 cottages, charming old gardens. *First-rate mixed shoot over 1,700 acres* can be had adjoining for £210 p.a.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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EAST BURNHAM GROVE. BURNHAM BEECHES. BUCKS.

In a lovely neighbourhood close to the celebrated Stoke Poges Golf Links. *½ hour from London by express trains.*

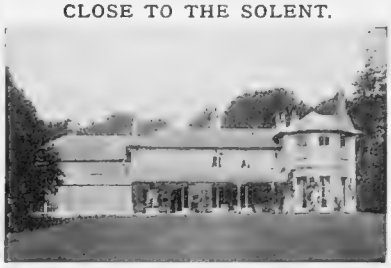
High position, 300ft. above sea level. Lovely views. South aspect.

A SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD PROPERTY, including old-fashioned Residence, containing: 14 bedrooms, dressing rooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, magnificent billiard room, conservatory, ample domestic offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT; HOT-WATER RADIATORS; stabling for 6; farmery; 2 cottages; the grounds are exceedingly beautiful and grandly timbered, and in all the property comprises about 9 acres.

WILSON and GRAY are instructed to SELL the above by AUCTION, in May next, unless sold privately in the meantime.—Illustrated particulars may be obtained in due course from the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, London, W. —Solicitors, Messrs. RADFORD and FRANKLAND, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements*

GRAND POSITION ON BORDERS OF NEW FOREST. CLOSE TO THE SOLENT.



HANTS, 2 miles from Lymington and 3 from Brockenhurst, with express trains to London in 2 hours.

£300 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—Charming old-fashioned HOUSE, *standing high, with grand views amidst beautifully timbered gardens and park*: hall, 5 reception rooms, complete domestic offices, with servants' hall, 13 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 6, coach and motor-houses; 2 cottages; the grounds are about 16 acres in extent and singularly attractive. *Would be LET Furnished for the Summer.*—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

THE CORNISH COAST.—*In one of the most delightful parts, 100 yards from the sea, with superb views, under a mile from the station.*

£80 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—The above picturesque modern RESIDENCE, in first-rate order throughout, and enjoying a high position with South-East aspect. Accommodation: billiard room and 3 other reception rooms, adequate domestic offices, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; the gardens include croquet lawn, flower beds and borders, kitchen garden, etc.; excellent sea fishing.—Full particulars of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR A YEAR.

KENT.—In a delightfully rural and pretty part, 20 miles from London, 1¾ miles from a station.

A CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, fitted with all modern improvements and well-furnished throughout. Accommodation: lounge hall, 2 good reception rooms, good domestic offices, lavatory, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; main drainage and water supply; gas laid on; stabling, garage, and small farmery; beautiful old gardens, with tennis lawn, etc., and meadows, in all about 3 acres; hunting; trout fishing. Rent, 5 gns. a week, or offer.—Full particulars of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

CHARMING HOUSE AND 1,825 ACRES SHOOTING.

SOMERSET, *in a grand position, 600ft. above sea level, on the slopes of the Mendips, with splendid views.*

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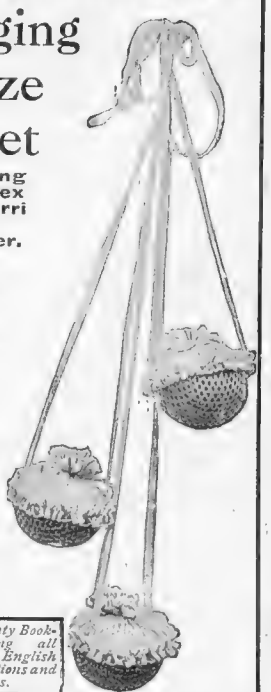

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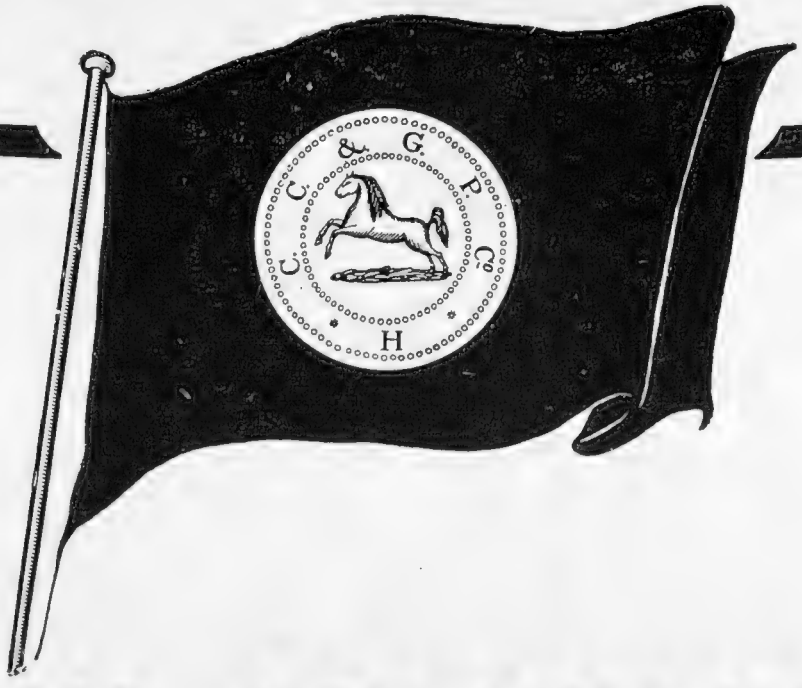

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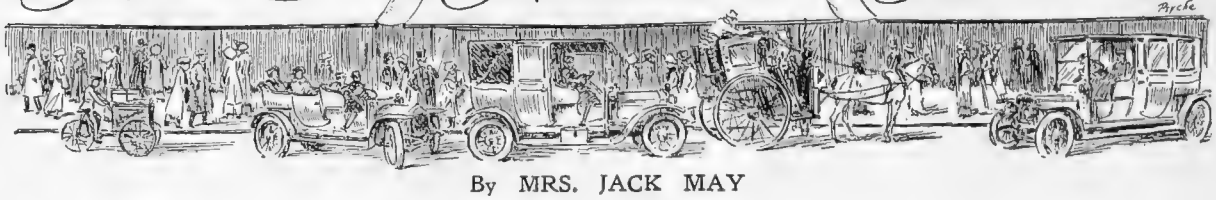

By MRS. JACK MAY

WHEN in doubt, hold a White Sale! That would seem to be the accepted ruling of the shopping community. And it is a belief by no means monopolised by the Metropolis. Taking it all in all, the decision is a wise one. The spectacle of these snowy masses of *lingerie* and household linen undoubtedly helps one to concentrate on such inevitable purchases, and rivalry naturally runs high with so many playing the game, both as to perfection of choice and popular prices.

My opinion—for what it is worth—is that a considerable saving can be effected by a discreet participation in these white sales. A vast amount of energy and enterprise is expended in preparing them, and the old saying that one always buys cheapest in a full market holds true as always. Nor is the breathing-space thus granted the other departments of the great emporiums by any means neglected. Even those who have secured some advance models are chary of showing these to that curious community of women who have been appropriately described as shoppers, not buyers.

A Word About Day and Evening Manteaux

As was to be easily foreseen, brocades of the firmer and more pronounced quality are creeping into the realms of restaurant wraps. Reminiscent of some rich and rare canonical habit is a quaint, wide-sleeved confection of *ciel*-blue brocade, run through with a gold metal thread, inlet down the back with a wide all-gold lace coming from the shoulders and meeting in a sharp V-point at the hem, while about the shoulders there falls a great square collar of the lace that descends in lovely shapely points down the back of the arms. And the *doublure* is of old-gold chiffon. Last year it was all chiffon outside, this year it is all chiffon inside. Even *manteaux* of fine cloth are lined with transparencies, oftentimes revealed under lines of lace used *à jour*.

Another perfect gem of a theatre coat was fashioned of mist-blue satin *charmeuse*, to which a delightful mystery was imparted by a veiling of black chiffon, which was introduced as a deep hem, above which came a rich *broderie* of shaded blue beads and bugles, and again in the *capuchin*, where it was wrought with the bead *broderie*. There is no mistaking the intention of the *capuchin*. It has come in again with a full determination to lead the van, and those responsible for its revival are wisely counselling a wide catholicity of expression.

Photograph *Félix, Paris*

A soft Black Satin Gown, with a tunic draped with tulle and jet, mixed with embroidery and fringed with jet. Toilette by Rondeau, Paris

An Early Spring Directoire Gown

Those who are possessed of handsome fur sets and realise how the face is enhanced by a frame of some soft dark peltry will eagerly seize the opportunity of continuing the wear of these possessions for the next two months or so, when the spring wind blows keen and chill. Toward which end there comes the Directoire frock, and anything more seductive it would be impossible to imagine. A fine navy coating appeals as an ideal material for the purpose, the large revers faced with an Eastern embroidery or Persian-patterned cotton, hemmed with a fold of black satin, and the waist

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"Erasmic"

defined with a silk cord girdle. Nor is the soft, pleated *jabot* of all-over lace, held at the throat by a tight little cravat of black satin, by any means the least significant item.

Fashions Emanating from Crazes

These do not always come off, but in the case of the *Quaker Girl*, that most popular of musical plays, the demure attire adopted at the Adelphi has unquestionably influenced a phase of fashion. Scarcely a *modiste* who has not her own particular version of the soft little picture-frock, with accompanying apron, some as tea-gowns, others as afternoon dresses. The latest is a dance dress of that delicate cinnamon shade of satin to which old lace just tones. Above the waist-belt of satin there is introduced a little girdle of delicate pink roses, some of the petals just toning to brown, a single bloom catching together an absurd little sleeve of plain net. The thing is a travesty, maybe, but how charming!

Photograph *Félix, Paris*

An Afternoon Creation (by Zimmermann) in printed Cashmere Velvet, bordered with satin, high waisted, and hung with beige tassels

Royal Favour

Messrs. Callard, Stewart and Watt, Ltd., of London, have been granted a Warrant of Appointment from His Majesty King George V. as suppliers of bread and confectionery to His Majesty. Two of this firm's best-known branches are Stewart and Co., corner of Old Bond Street, and Callard and Co., of Regent Street.

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We have received a copy of "Wright's Prize Painting Book," in connection with which the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap are offering 2,000 prizes. A copy of this book will be sent free on receipt of a 1*d.* stamp for postage. Letters should be addressed: Painting Book, The Proprietors, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, S.E.

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Fish and Tomato Pie

Take any remains of cooked fish, either boiled or fried, flake it, remove all skin and bone, and mix it with any white sauce you may have. Butter a pie-dish, place a layer of the fish in it, next a layer of breadcrumbs, then a layer of tomatoes cut into slices, with a scanty sprinkling of very finely chopped onion, then more breadcrumbs, fish, etc., until the dish is full. The top layer should be of breadcrumbs, and on this place small pieces of butter. Bake in a moderate oven.

Danish Fish Mould (Hot or Cold)

Mince the remains of any fish you have, and then pound it in a mortar, mixing in four tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat up three or four eggs, and put them in a bowl with half a teacupful of finely grated breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, pepper, and salt. Mix these thoroughly together, and add them to the fish, stirring well. Butter a mould or basin, and place the mixture into it; tie a buttered paper over the top. Steam for one hour. When cold, turn out and serve with mayonnaise sauce, or, if required hot, serve with shrimp sauce.

Haddock Roll

Take equal quantities of mashed potato and cooked fresh haddock, free from skin and bone, pounding the latter in a mortar. Mix them together, and add 1oz. of melted butter, pepper, and salt to taste, and a few drops of anchovy. Stir well, and add two raw eggs, and when well mixed form into a roll. Brush all over with beaten egg and roll in breadcrumbs. Place on a buttered baking-tin and bake in a quick oven for thirty minutes. Serve with any good sauce, anchovy, lobster, or cheese sauce.

Salmon Omelette

Beat up six eggs, add a pinch of pepper and sufficient salt to season. Stir in one large tablespoonful of cream and a dessertspoonful of parsley. Use the remains of cooked salmon, free it from skin and bone, and break it up into very small flakes. Allow one dessertspoonful of salmon for each egg used. This fish must be made hot in about ½oz. of butter before being added to the omelette. Melt an ounce of butter in an omelet-pan; when hot pour in the egg mixture, and continue stirring over the fire till it commences to set; fold in the ends a little, and put the salmon in the centre, make it into a half-moon shape, allow it to colour a little and turn out on to a hot dish. Pour a little hot Hollandaise or tomato sauce round, and serve at once.

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Whether in regard to scenery, occupation, or recreation, a change is always welcome. So it is with the palate and the digestive organs. To achieve the much-desired change in the "sweet" course it is not necessary to adopt an elaborate style of cooking, nor to incur great expense. There is a little fruit, full of pure nutriment, which in itself provides variety, and that is the delicious little Currant of Greece. The Christmas Pudding and the Mince Pie do not taste alike, and the famous Eccles Cake differs from both. Yet all three derive their excellence and food value from Currants. That is a simple illustration of how Currants can be made to play many parts. There are hundreds of perfect dishes to be made by the use of Currants. All are dainty and attractive, nutritious, and inexpensive. Ask your grocer for a free copy of a useful little Currant Cookery Book, which he will gladly hand you on request.

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